

DEBBIE REYNOLDS TAKES THE WITNESS STAND!

AUG -6 1958

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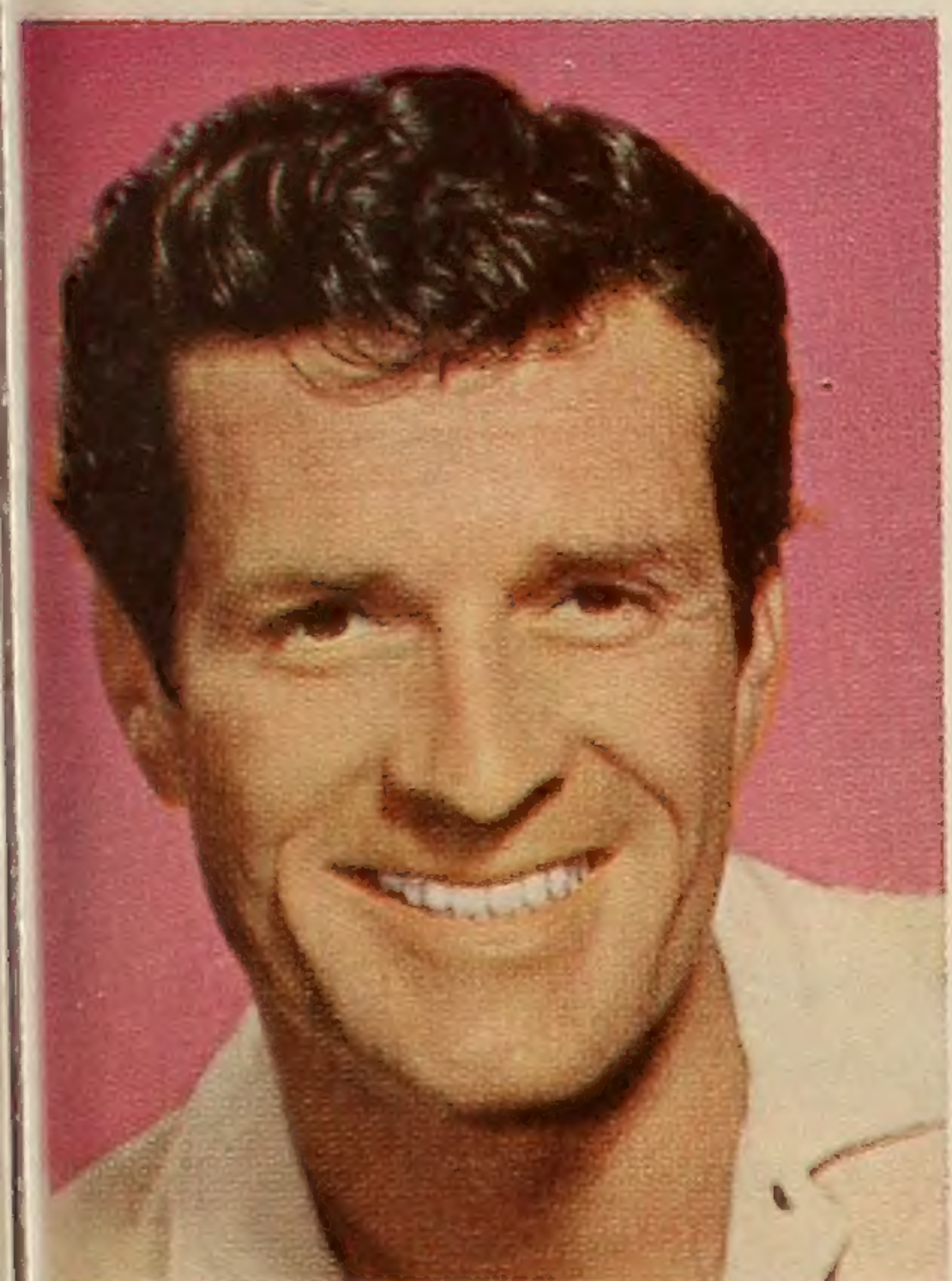
Screenland

AUG 18 1958

TV-LAND

Hunter's
terrible ordeal

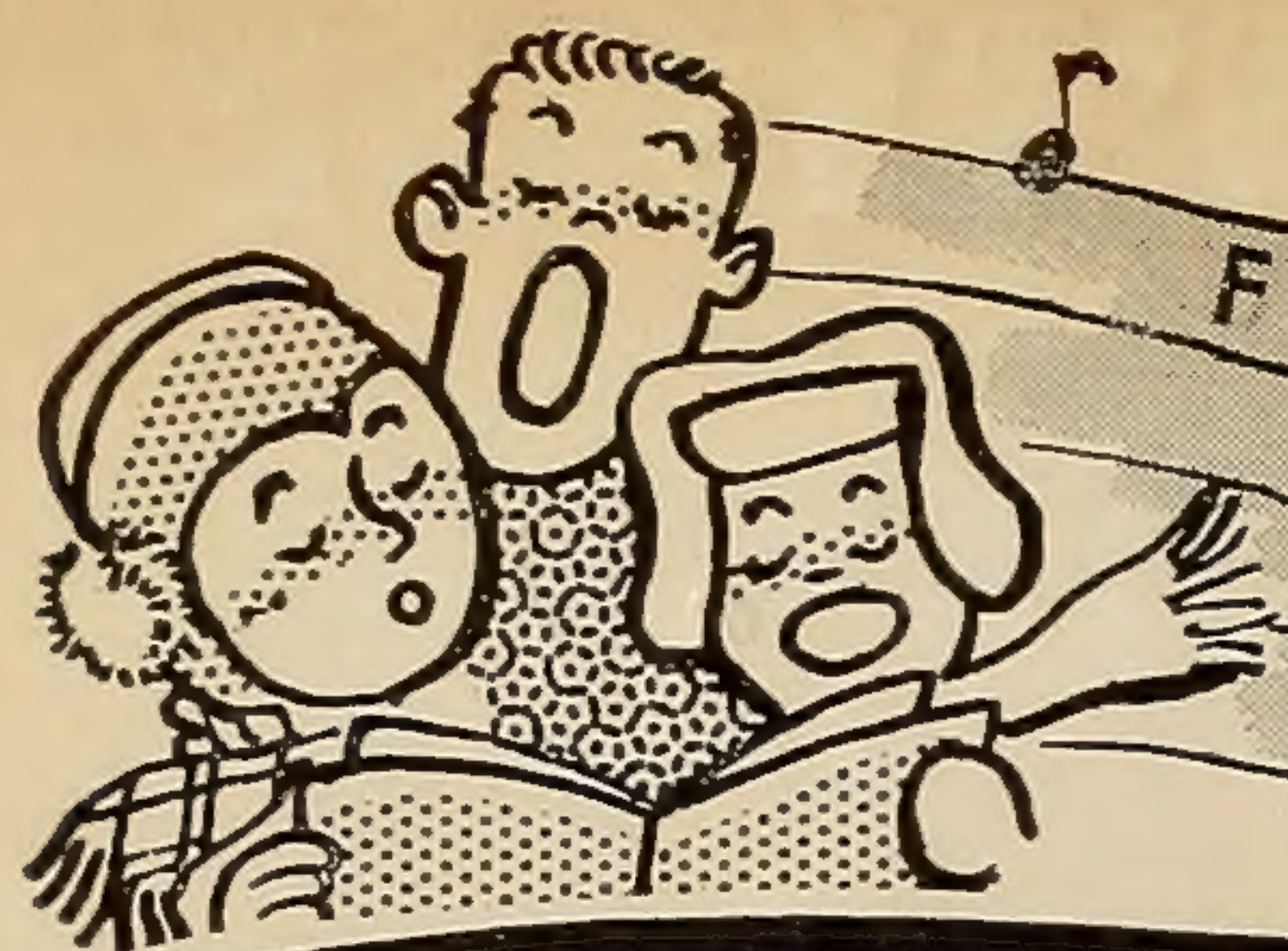
Heilah Graham's
Hollywood
updown!



Hugh O'Brian's
search for a mate



NATALIE WOOD



FOR EASY SPARE TIME EARNINGS
FOLKS EVERYWHERE AGREE
JUST TAKE ALL YOU WANT
FROM OUR MONEY TREE!

Help Yourself to an Extra
\$6..\$60...\$160

Show New, Unusual SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS CARDS & GIFTS

Who said money doesn't grow on trees? Showing beautiful new SOUTHERN Greeting Cards is like having your own "Money Tree" blooming in your back-yard! To prove it to you we'll send you samples of our exciting new Christmas Card money-makers. Just show them to your friends and you'll see how easy it is to "pluck" many, many profit-dollars from your SOUTHERN "Money Tree"!

SOUTHERN Gives You Many Ways To Make Money!

You'll make \$60 easy, on just 100 new SOUTHERN BEAUTY 25-Card Christmas Assortments. Our beautiful new selection of name-imprinted Christmas Cards and Gifts plus other fast-sellers will help you make all the money your heart desires. In addition to cash profits up to 50% SOUTHERN also gives you a generous EXTRA CASH BONUS. Our speedy 24-hour service will help you serve your customers faster and make more money for yourself!

SEND NO MONEY . . . Get FREE Samples Now!

You need no experience nor money to start earning the easy SOUTHERN way. We'll send — absolutely FREE — display albums of our best-selling Personalized Christmas Cards plus amazing "Get-Started" Offers and everything else you need to earn big! But, don't wait . . . the best time to start earning is right now. Rush the coupon for your money-making Kit of FREE Samples TODAY!

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478 North Hollywood St., Dept. C-23, Memphis 12, Tennessee



MAIL COUPON NOW FOR FREE SAMPLES!

SOUTHERN GREETING CARD CO., Dept. C-23
478 N. Hollywood St., Memphis 12, Tenn.

YES! I want to take extra dollars from your "Money Tree"! Please send your easy money-making plan along with FREE Sample Albums and special offers.

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You can not brush bad breath away— reach for Listerine!

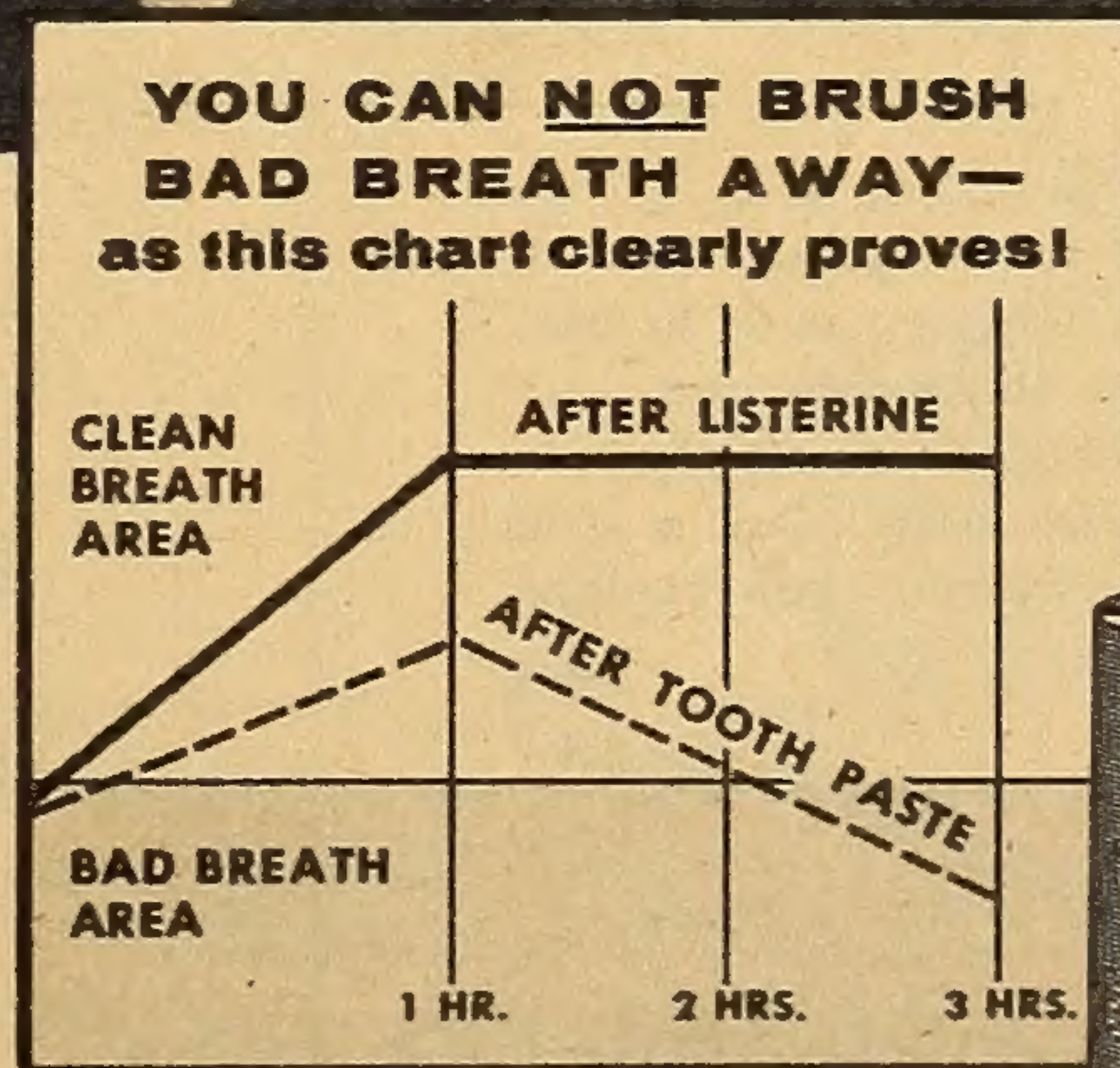
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Listerine stops bad breath
4 times better than tooth paste!



Almost everybody uses tooth paste, but almost everybody has bad breath now and then! Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . on contact, by millions. Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way.

So, reach for Listerine every time you brush your teeth.



Reach for Listerine

...Your No. 1 protection against bad breath

Don't get **STUCK**



Get **SOLO**
Rubber-Tipped
BOB PINS



Get SOLO'S petal-smooth pins . . . and you'll never get stuck again. Rubber-Tipped—no sharp ends to cut, catch or scratch. So smooth and easy to open, SOLO completely protects teeth and nails. Get a card today . . . pin-curl your hair tonight. You'll find it doesn't hurt to be beautiful!



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Screenland

PLUS
TV-LAND

Volume 60, No. 8
September, 1958

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COVER: NATALIE WOOD, STARRING IN THE U.A. RELEASE, "KINGS GO FORTH," AND HUGH O'BRIAN, STAR OF ABC-TV'S "WYATT EARP" SERIES

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The wonderful story of a Sergeant who "promoted" himself to General...in the wildest *SNAFU* the Army ever knew!

Red's First
Since His
Academy
Award!

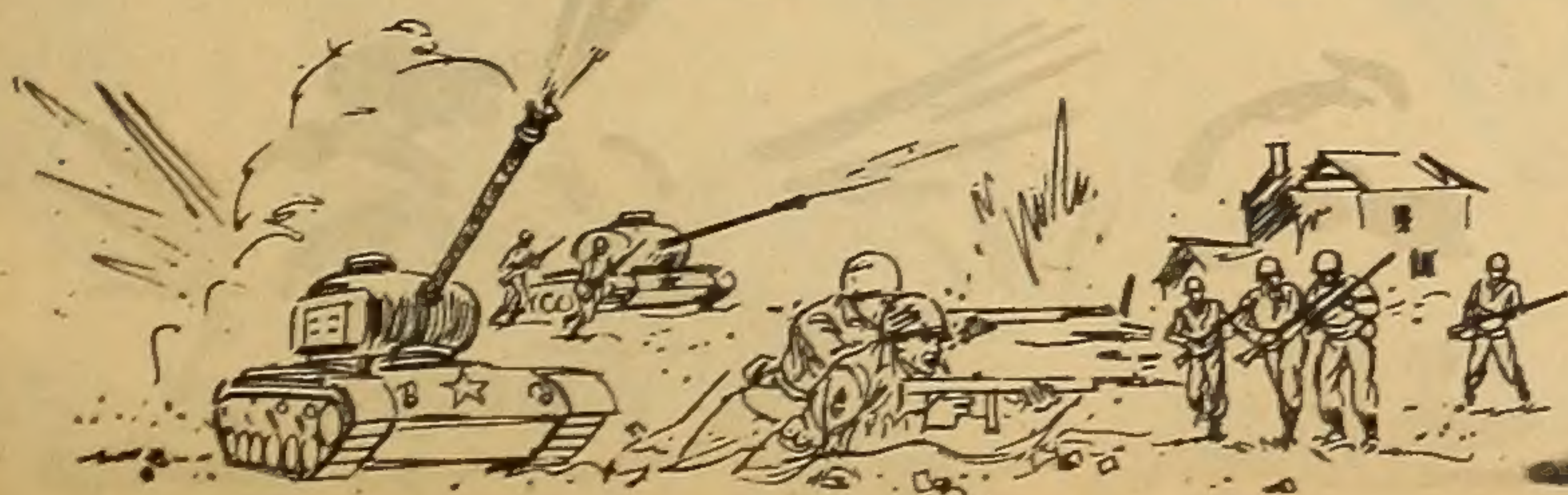
M·G·M Presents
**GLENN
FORD**

(that "Don't Go Near
The Water" guy)

**IMITATION
GENERAL**

Co-Starring

RED BUTTONS · TAINA ELG



with **DEAN JONES · WILLIAM BOWERS** • Screen Play by **WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN** • Based On the Story by **WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN** • In **CinemaScope** • Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL** • Produced by **WILLIAM HAWKS** • An M-G-M Picture



TIPS FOR TRAVELERS

1. Taking more than one suitcase? Pack *one* with things you need immediately, and most often.
2. Choose lightweight luggage. You'll be glad you did when porters are nowhere to be seen.
3. Pack away some wash-and-wears... shorts and shirts and sunbacks that drip dry overnight.
4. Don't forget to place tissue paper along the folds of your garments. Less wrinkles that way.
5. Use plastic containers for toiletries. No breakage... less baggage weight.
6. Tuck away a package of Tampax in the side pocket of your grip. A blessing when the calendar plays tricks.

If you've never tried Tampax before—now's the time to do it. For Tampax® internal sanitary protection helps you travel light! Does away with cumbersome pads and belts. Frees you of telltale lines and odor worries. Is dainty to change and dispose of. Tampax is the last word in comfort and convenience—vacationtime, *anytime*. That's why *millions* use it. *How about you?* Available wherever drug products are sold, in Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Sheilah Graham's

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Ricky Nelson learning that being a star isn't fun
- Fatherhood calms down rebel Marlon Brando



SHEILAH GRAHAM reporting from Hollywood, the TV, radio, record, oh yes, and movie capital of the world. . . . Kim Novak should be Mrs. Lt. Gen. Trujillo by the time you read this—unless his divorce took too long and the unpredictable Kim found herself another wealthy beau. Why is it that poor men don't seem to fall in love with her. . . . Julie London is having the last laugh on ex-spouse Jack Webb, who put her through the emotional wringer at the time of their break-up. Julie, well-known in Australia for the past two years because of her record hits, giggles that Mr. Webb is now being billed down under as "the ex-husband of your favorite, Julie London," to help put over Australia's newly-acquired "Dragnet" series. . . . Julie is still collecting \$18,000 a year from Sergeant Friday in alimony.

Clark Gable returned to Hollywood in one piece, but only just, after his p.a. tour to plug "Teacher's Pet"—his film with Doris Day. It was the King's first selling trip. And it's going to be his last. Too much attention can be too much. . . .

Just found out the real reason why Audrey Hepburn did not land the lead in "The Diary Of Anne Frank." It wasn't the money; it was the time. Audrey could only give director George Stevens a certain number of weeks, and George can't work like that. I'm waiting to see if he chose wisely in 20-year-old Millie Perkins, the lovely Elizabeth Taylor-ish looking model who took a pay cut to play the tragic Anne Frank. . . . Walter Wanger says he knows nothing of a marital separation with wife Joan Bennett. But is it just a coincidence that Joan's work keeps her more and more in the East, while Walter toils here?

Jack Benny isn't stingy, as he wants you to think in his radio and TV shows. But he hates to lose money at the tables in Vegas. His limit, per day, during his four weeks at the Flamingo there recently, \$50—or \$1,400 for the four weeks. That's a lot to lose—for you and me. . . . Author Meyer Levin met a member of the "Ben Hur" company in Israel and asked, "How's Hollywood?" "Still there," he was told. "Strange," replied the au-

continued on page 8



THREE who find the party fun are Rock Hudson, Doris Day, hubby Marty Melcher.



NEW parents Greg and Veronique Peck hoped the baby would be a girl and it was.

**CARY
GRANT**

**INGRID
BERGMAN**

INDISCREET

They
met...
They
knew
they
shouldn't
have...
They
couldn't
stop.



TECHNICOLOR® From WARNER BROS. Screenplay by NORMAN KRASNA Produced and Directed by STANLEY DONEN

A GRANDON PRODUCTION



HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

thor of "Compulsion," "I'd heard it had vanished." . . . A London pen pal writes that right up to show time, it was uncertain whether Rex Harrison would star in the London stage version of "My Fair Lady"—because of those interviews given by Stanley Holloway. But I always knew he would make it. His role was made to order for the London carriage trade. . . . Wife Kay Kendall says she hates Rex's "Sexy" nickname. Well, he is Kay, as you should know. . . . Rex, by the way, is more chummy with first wife Colette, than with second, Lilli Palmer. He doesn't have to pay either of them any alimony because both have remarried.

His friends were amazed when Tyrone Power married Debbie Minardos. She resembles Linda Christian and we all thought he'd had enough of that. . . . And Victor Mature, who's had quite a lot of marriage, is asking Joy Urwick of London to marry him. He went so far as to set up the whole business in Las Vegas, but Joy backed out. She wants to be sure the mating will be permanent. Can anyone be sure? . . . Startling admission from Sophia Loren recently—that she can't swim. She landed her first film role by telling the director that she was an expert swimmer.

Quote from Jayne Mansfield, "To be sexually attractive to millions of people doesn't give me a thrill any more." Fevvens sake, what does? . . . Spotted in a London newspaper: Cary Grant, buying some leather goods, "Do you know who I am?" "Of course," the shopkeeper is quoted as saying—"It's a pleasure to serve you Mr. Clark Gable." Now if Cary really said this, and the other said that, I'll eat this typewriter.

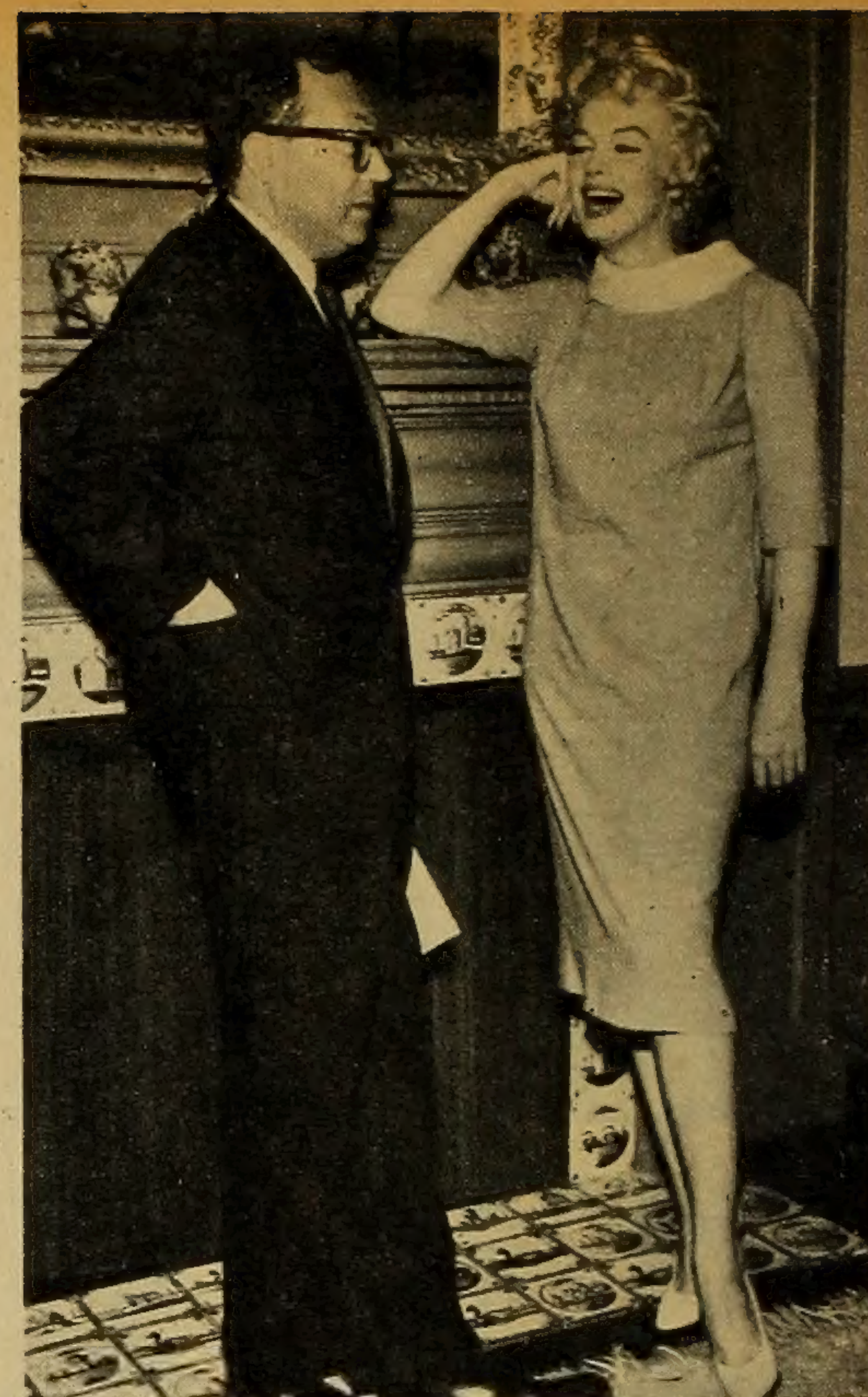
Tommy Sands bid adieu to Molly Bee because "We're too young." So he promptly dated Piper Laurie who is eight years older. Tommy's picture price has

tripled from the \$10,000 he was paid for "Sing, Boy, Sing."

Elvis Presley is about the most popular man in Uncle Sam's army. Elvis is very generous with the green stuff. With \$1,000 a week coming in rain, shine or Army from his recording company, Elvis can afford to scatter his money, but not everyone with money does. At last count, Elvis was receiving 30,000 fan letters a month. . . . Errol Flynn's professor father believes that Errol is settling down, and credits third wife, Pat Wymore, with turning the trick. Pat's formula—"I have never tried to change him."

Most popular TV boss—Bob Cummings. He praises lavishly and works harder than any ten men I know. I was there the morning his dressing room was looted of all his TV wardrobe. But Bob was calm as all get out. He only acts fussed on his show. . . . Art Linkletter is pretty cool, too. I remember when I forgot to report for my stint on "House Party." Art just went on with someone else. . . . And say, isn't his son Jack coming along fine as an M.C., following in Dad's expert footsteps? It isn't easy with those two red lights glaring at you so relentlessly.

Eddie Fisher's deal with the Tropicana in Las Vegas will bring him one million dollars for appearing there for one engagement a year for the next five. Eddie is making another mint from his hit record, "Kari Waits For Me," from "Windjammer." . . . So is Dean Martin from his waxing of "Return To Me." . . . However, Frank Sinatra and Keely Smith didn't do as well as expected with their "How Are You Fixed For Love." . . . And Ricky Nelson is learning that being a star isn't always fun. He had to change hotels three times the last time he was away from home. . . . Tony Martin, whose recordings always "send me," has a secret ambition—for when and if his pipes give out—to end his years in South America as a good-will ambassador.



MARILYN Monroe and Harold Mirisch, who will star her in "Some Like It Hot."

Movie stars are waiting until the play is a hit before taking long leases on apartments in Manhattan. And Dorothy McGuire wishes *she* had waited. "I'll be gone two years," she said when she left here for her "Winesburg, Ohio" play recently. The production folded almost immediately and Dorothy was left with a two-year lease in New York.

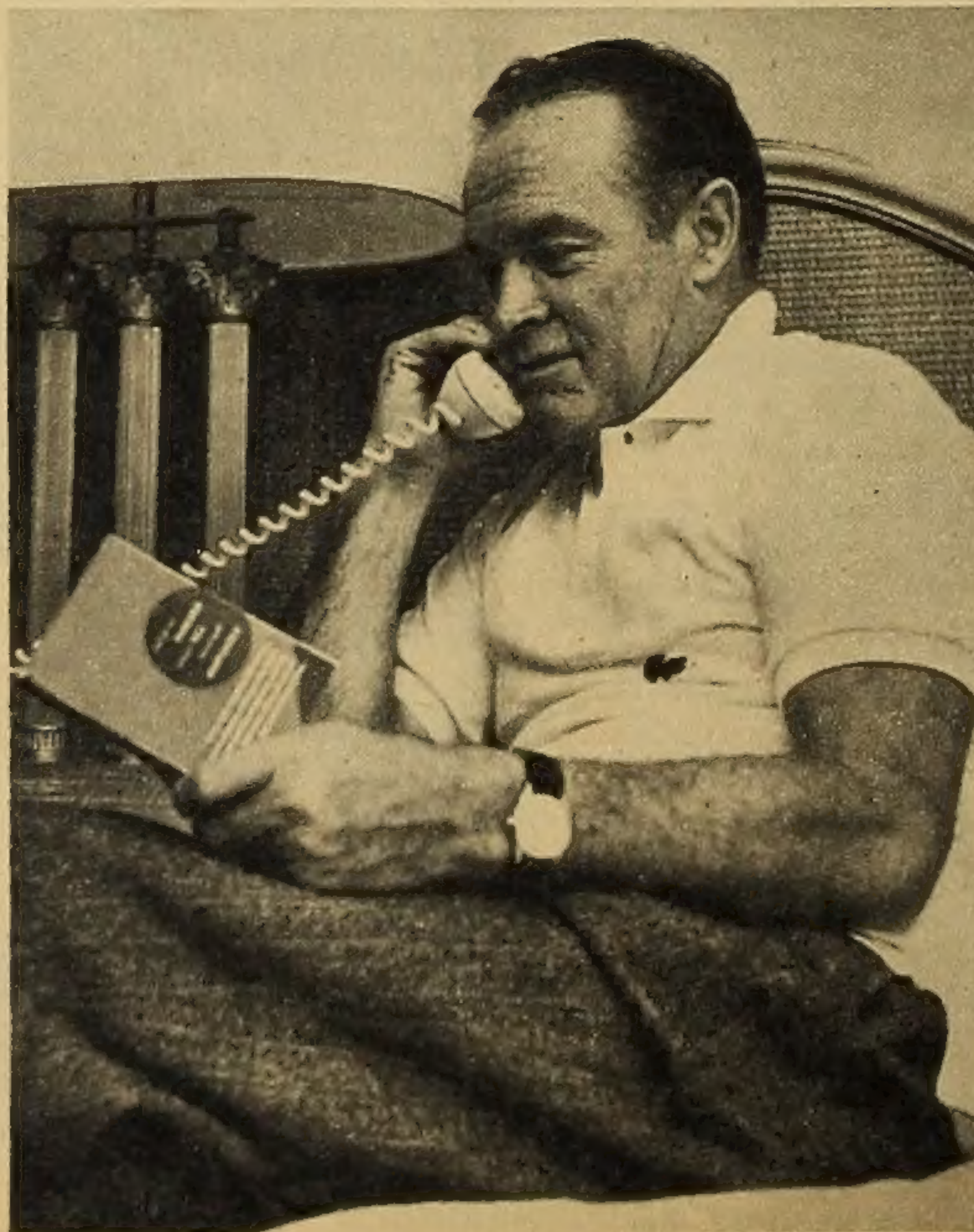
A rather testy post card from Meredith Willson in Paris because of my column item that Dan Dailey refused "The Music Man"—and was kicking himself for so doing. It seems, according to Willson, that Dan's agent refused the hit play. In Hollywood, that's the same thing.

The alterations in the Doris Day-Marty Melcher Beverly Hills home have cost them as much as the house. But they have

continued on page 72



PETITE Ann Blyth and her hubby, Dr. James McNulty, gaily step out on the town.



LAUGHTER is the best of all possible medicines, just ask comedian Bob Hope.



DIANE Varsi and Sidney Skolsky exchange pleasantries at a recent Hollywood shindig.

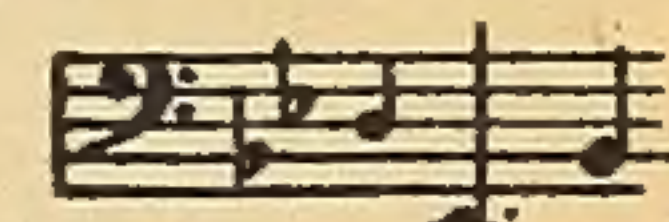
**A STORY PULSING
WITH THE HEARTBEAT
OF TODAY'S YOUTH!**

He wanted money! He wanted power! And he knew only one law—to take what he wanted! A great performer, Elvis Presley, delivers a great dramatic performance in a story based on that sensational best-seller —

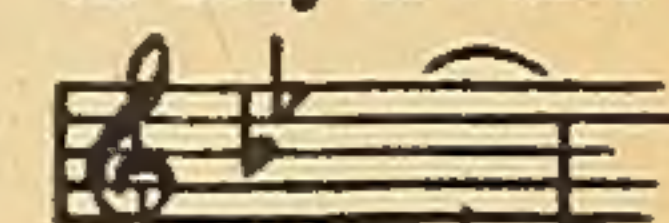
“A Stone for Danny Fisher.”



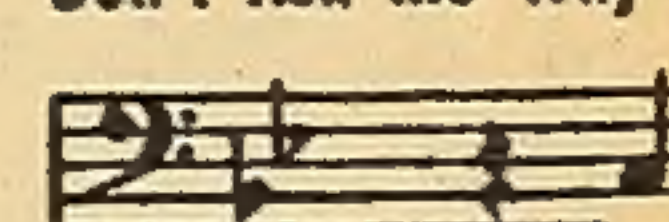
... AND THESE SONGS!



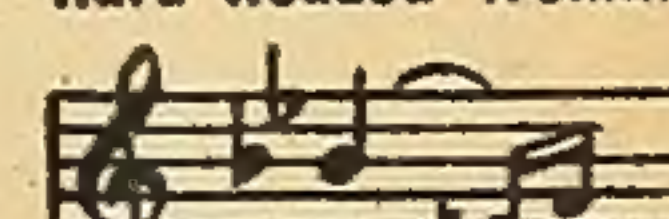
As Long As I Have You



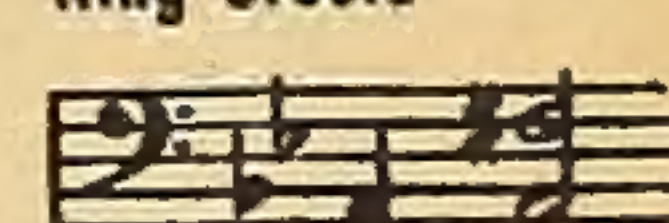
Don't Ask Me Why



Hard Headed Woman



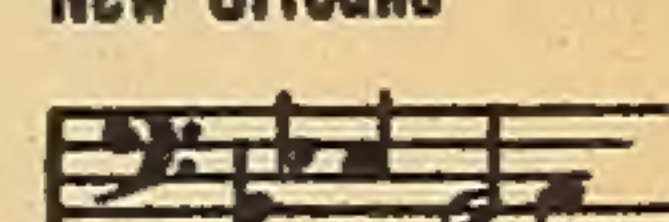
King Creole



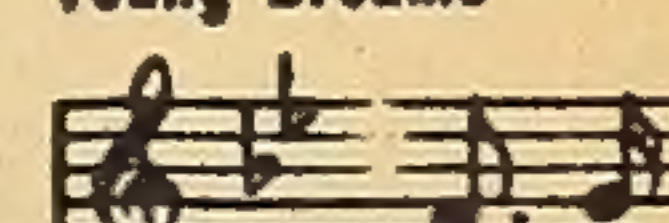
Lover Doll



New Orleans



Young Dreams



And more songs!

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

ELVIS PRESLEY
IN
KING CREOLE
A
HAL WALLIS



Co-starring
CAROLYN

WALTER

DOLORES

DEAN

VIC

with

PAUL

Directed by

Screenplay by

JONES · MATTHAU · HART · JAGGER · MORROW · LILIANE MONTEVECCHI · STEWART · Michael Curtiz · Herbert Baker and Michael Vincente Gazzo



Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Indiscreet

IN roles that fit as comfortably as old familiar dressing robes, Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant lounge through this elegant tidbit of Continental romance. Ingrid plays an actress who despairs of ever finding a charming, eligible male until Cary Grant appears. He has everything including, he confesses, a wife who doesn't understand him. Because matters have already barreled along at a brisk clip, this soupçon of news does nothing more than place the full moral responsibility of the affair on Ingrid. Presumably then, Grant remains free of such sordid worries as permanent entanglement. This sophisticated philosophy is enchantingly played out in front of magnificent Technicolored sets, and by incredibly handsome people who wear breath-taking clothes. In other words, this can't possibly happen to you but oh my! how you wish that it could. (Warner Bros.)

The Matchmaker

SLY, clever widow Shirley Booth has an affinity for meddling. It's a trait that will either get her murdered, or get her a husband. Both possibilities are

equal when she decides shopkeeper Paul Ford is in dire need of a wife. Nor is that all miserly Ford needs, if his two clerks, Tony Perkins and Robert Morse, were to offer their opinion. On the day Miss Booth takes Ford to New York City to meet milliner Shirley MacLaine, object matrimony, Perkins and Morse set out, too, for the city and adventure. The complications that whirl about this collection of pixie characters are as delightful as a spring bonnet. Perkins falls in love with Shirley, Shirley thinks he's a wealthy playboy, Ford is slowly but surely being pulled into the web of feminine intrigue spun by the deft Miss Booth and never, never will life be the same when they all troop back to Yonkers, N. Y. A confection of whimsy that successfully made the leap from stage to movies with nary a laugh sacrificed. (Paramount.)

The Naked Earth

NOT pretty, Juliette Greco nevertheless is something special in the long, tiring procession of European actresses. Equally unusual is her first American picture, filmed in Africa, in which she co-stars with Richard Todd. When Todd arrives from Scotland to claim his share of an African farm, he learns his partner



IN film "Vertigo," James Stewart and Kim Novak become enmeshed in web of danger.

is dead and the man's "wife" unable to keep up the place. Because neither Juliette nor Todd have the money to leave, they stay on and struggle to grow a crop of tobacco. Eventually, they marry but more for convention and convenience than for love. In time, their combined efforts to keep the farm give them something more enduring than romance under the tropic moon. Delightful picture not without its share of thrills and flashes of humor. (20th Century-Fox.)

Vertigo

USING as many artificial effects as a frumpy spinster in pursuit of excitement, this latest Alfred Hitchcock Technicolor thriller is just about as disappointing, too, in the final showdown. When San Francisco detective James Stewart is forced into premature retirement because of a sudden and understandable fear of heights, the prospects are tempting. Then, Kim Novak drifts into things. Enormously wealthy, she's married to an old school chum of Stewart's, and gives every indication of being possessed by an ancestor who had committed suicide. In line with seeing that Kim doesn't kill herself, Stewart takes more than a professional interest in the case. Vertigo or no, together these two climb to dizzy heights. Looking on from behind horn-rimmed glasses, owlish Barbara Bel Geddes patiently waits to patch up the trauma-ridden detective. With special effects, constant travelogue of San Francisco and Kim, your eyes will never, never be the same. (Paramount.)

The Vikings

DURING one of the periodic Viking raids on Britain, Norse Chieftain Ernest Borgnine slew the King of Northumberland and dallied with the Queen. A son was born, then spirited away lest, as sole rightful heir to the throne, he be murdered by an uncle. Having escaped one form of death, the baby is captured

continued on page 74



TWO exciting people, Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant, fall in love in "Indiscreet."



AS "The Matchmaker," Shirley Booth joins pixie Shirley MacLaine and Tony Perkins.



Paramount Presents

JERRY LEWIS

in a
Singing,
Dancing,
Romancing
Joy Show
in
TECHNICOLOR®



IT'S
THE
YEAR'S
BIG
TRIPLE
TREAT
LAUGH
HIT!



SONGS!

"DORMI-DORMI-DORMI"
(Sleep-Sleep-Sleep)
"THE LAND OF LA-LA-LA"
"LOVE IS A LONELY THING"
"ROCK-A-BYE BABY"
"THE WHITE VIRGIN
OF THE NILE"
"WHY CAN'T HE
CARE FOR ME"

Co-starring

MARILYN MAXWELL • REGINALD GARDINER • BACCALONI • CONNIE STEVENS

Produced by JERRY LEWIS • Directed by FRANK TASHLIN • Screen Story and Screen Play by FRANK TASHLIN • Based on a Story by PRESTON STURGES 

Associate Producer—Ernest D. Glucksman • Musical Numbers Staged by Nick Castle • Songs by HARRY WARREN and SAMMY CAHN

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

- ★ Rock and Phyllis being quiet about their divorce
- ★ Venetia Stevenson and Tab Hunter dating again



DARK beauty Deborah Minardos became the third wife of Tyrone Power recently.

WEDDING BELLS—It was a big, beautiful wedding for Richard Egan and Pat Hardy in San Francisco's Star of the Sea Church. Rich's brother, the Rev. Willis Egan, performed the ceremony. Pat wore the traditional white bridal gown with a flowing train and veil and her matron of honor, May Wynn, wore pale pink. Pat and Rich honeymooned near Sacramento where he had to report for location work on "These Thousand Hills." Pat will continue her TV work for a while but ultimately wants to devote full time to being a wife. She's a charmer and it's easy to understand how she made the 35-year-old Rich surrender his bachelorhood.

LINDA'S GROOM—It was "love at first flight" for Linda Cristal and Bob Champion, Gower's half-brother. They met a few months ago on a plane en route to Havana. Linda returned to Hollywood for her first co-starring role, opposite Hugh O'Brian, in "Quick Draw At Fort Smith." She had some dates with Hugh

but quietly she and Bob were romancin'—and then they got married. He's a handsome guy, 6'4" and blond but not interested in acting. He's an engineer, has mining and oil interests in Arizona and Venezuela and gave Linda a headlight-sized diamond engagement ring. With her career in high gear, Linda will continue acting for a while.

HOB ACRES—Hugh O'Brian, who now says he's "vulnerable" to the idea of marriage, has gone one step further and bought a house on five acres in Brentwood. So maybe he isn't planning on staying a bachelor forever. But he doesn't seem to have picked the girl yet; he's still playing the field. He and Linda Cristal were photographed together on a couple of their dates and Hugh says, "As soon as that happens the girl gets married—to somebody else!" Busy Hugh managed a vacation in the Virgin Islands before his summer stock stint in "Picnic" at Westport, Conn., and as soon as he returns he'll start more Wyatt Earp TV

filming. He also owns an industrial supply company, called Hob Enterprises, in San Francisco. Oh yes, while he was away he had his house remodeled and redecorated and had a pool built.

NEARLY FATAL—Bob Evans is a very popular young man in our town and he had his many friends plenty worried when his attack of virus pneumonia drove his temperature up to 106.2°. His doctor said another eight-tenths of a point rise would have been fatal. Filming on "Quick Draw At Fort Smith," in which he plays a pathological killer, had to be suspended during his illness. Bob and Dolores Hart "discovered" each other before he returned to New York where he has a fabulous new duplex apartment. But although he sees a lot of Dolores, Bob says he has no "immediate marriage plans."

ALL OVER—Dolores Michaels admits sadly that her "week-end marriage" to artist-decorator Maurice Martiné didn't work out and they're divorcing. Their



THAT STEADY twosome, Jack Lemmon and Felicia Farr, dance cheek to cheek.



JACK KELLY of TV's "Maverick", and his pert wife, May Wynn, attend a premiere.



HANDSOME twosome is composer Buddy Bregman and singer Anna Maria Alberghetti.



DANCING together at the Harwyn Club in N.Y. are Rossano Brazzi and wife Lydia.

marriage was unusual from the beginning; they persuaded a minister to marry them on a rock beside the sea in Laguna, about 70 miles from Hollywood, where Martiné had his studio and continued to work. Dolores was working here, went to the beach city only on week-ends.

WHAT PRICE?—Christine Carere managed a reunion with her bridegroom, Phillipe Nicaud, while she was in France on location for "A Certain Smile," then had to return here for interior scenes, leaving Phillipe in Paris where he has the lead in a hit play. They planned another reunion this July when Phillipe has a leave of absence from the play to make a movie in Venice and Christine was going to join him there. But now Christine has been given the lead role opposite Pat Boone in "Mardi Gras" and feels this is too terrific a break to miss. So, love conquers all—except for the matter of movie schedules.

HAPPY JUNE—Copper-tressed June Blair, who will be Tommy Sands' girl friend in "Mardi Gras," is a very happy little starlet. This curvy miss was selected "Sweetheart Of Fort Ord" several months ago when soldiers at that Northern California camp sent for pictures of about a hundred starlets and chose June for "their girl." When she went up to accept the title she met Lindsay Crosby and they've been dating ever since, when he has week-end passes. She calls him "Linseed." His brother, Gary, will also be in "Mardi Gras" and so will Dick Sargent, who has a real crush on June.

ANOTHER CURTIS—Tony Curtis says nothing, but Janet hopes she'll present him with a son in November when the second Curtis child is due. Little daughter Kelly is now 2, a living doll adored by Tony, but says Janet, "He'd love a boy." Meantime, Janet has been up to her eyebrows in work, supervising the move into their new home, really an
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FOR THESE
DESPERATE LOVERS
THIS WAS THE
POINT-OF-NO-RETURN!

...now they were
trapped on a
strange journey—
their only
companions
outcasts...
their only horizon
...danger!



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**ROCK HUDSON
CYD CHARISSE**

in ERNEST K. GANN'S
Mightiest Best Seller since
"THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY"!

"For once
I want a man
to look at me
as if I were
his first love...
not his latest!"

TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS

in Eastman COLOR

co-starring **ARTHUR KENNEDY • LEIF ERICKSON**

CHARLES MCGRAW • ERNEST TRUOX

with **RICHARD HAYDN • JUDITH EVELYN • WALLACE FORD**

Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Written by ERNEST K. GANN • Produced by GORDON KAY





DEBBIE

takes the stand!

We wanted her opinion on everything from rumors to raising children and she matched our curiosity with honesty and a dash of Reynolds' spice

Q. *You used to be very gay a few years ago but you seem to have calmed down, become more serious in recent months particularly. Is it because you are less happy?*

A. I think I'm as happy as I've always been. More so, most likely. But I'm also calmer because I've grown up. At least I hope I have! Besides I have to take life more seriously now that I have more responsibilities. Five years ago I didn't have two children. . . .

Q. *Do you get annoyed more easily than you used to?*

A. No, I don't get annoyed easily. And if I do, only at myself, like when I can't learn a routine fast enough. A few days ago, for instance, I tried to manage a certain step and by the time I finally caught on to it, I was so exhausted that I couldn't do it any more. So I got mad at myself and yelled, "You big jerk! Why can't you catch on faster?"

Q. *And people around you don't mind?*

A. Heavens, no. They are used to it, by now. . . .

Q. *Don't you even get annoyed at the rumors of discord between Eddie and yourself?*

A. I've learned to ignore them completely. I know they aren't true, and so does Eddie. But to tell you the truth—I used to get so upset by them that I almost became ill. Then one day I said to myself, "You can't allow yourself to be disturbed any more." Some writers just don't care what they say or whom they hurt.

Q. *Do you feel that it's best to say nothing and ignore all the rumors?*

A. I can't bother to stoop low enough to contradict every rumor. Besides, one day I realized that they didn't bother me any more. It's one of the hazards of being in this business. When Eddie and I were still engaged we already had enough of those stories told about us to have lasted five people for years. In a way I'm even amused now by some of the things I read about us, except that if the stories are really bad, I simply won't work with the magazine or the writer anymore. . . .



THE FISHERS sit for their family portrait. Papa Eddie holds Carrie Frances, who is fascinated by her new baby brother, Todd.

Q. *Why did you and Eddie move into a different house?*

A. Because our last home was too big, and yet not really big enough. The rooms were large enough to be cut in half, but we didn't need all that space. The one we are in now is more compact, more manageable, and has the extra bedroom we needed after Todd was born. It also has a pool. We could have put one into the last place, but it was easier this way.

Q. *Did you do much redecorating?*

A. We did the whole house over. That is—we had it done. Neither Eddie nor I had the time to do it ourselves. . . .

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IT'S TV for Eddie, who has sung his way into the hearts of millions of television fans. "He works hard but he loves it," says Deb.



We asked Deb: "If you were to live your life over again, particularly the last five years, what would you do differently?" Said she with a smile: "Nothing"

Q. *What did you do while the house was being remodeled?*

A. Got along as well as we could. For two months we didn't have a usable kitchen and had to cook on a portable rotisserie and a hot plate. One night we had thirty-five guests over for dinner. By the time I got through fixing the meal it was almost eleven o'clock at night!

Q. *Could you use the furnishings you had before?*

A. We didn't have any before! Except for a king-size bed and a few other pieces in our bedroom, and Carrie Frances' room—which was quite complete—we only had a couple of couches in the den and a few odd chairs here and there. We bought this home completely furnished.

Q. *Is this house everything you want? What I mean is—will you stay here for the next ten or twenty years?*

A. Oh, no! Maybe two or three years, at the most. We still want to build and we are looking for a lot in Beverly Hills right now. But it's hard to find just what we want, and even after we do, by the time we get an architect and have plans drawn up and the house built, it will take at least two more years.

Q. *Why do you keep moving so often?*

A. How else can we find out just what we want?

Q. *Do you and Eddie want more children?*

A. Two more. If possible—another boy and another girl.

Q. *Has having a family hindered your career?*

A. It slowed it down. (Hesitating) But it's hard to tell for sure. Business slowed down, too, so maybe I would have worked less, anyway. But at least every time I was expecting I had a picture in release. (With a grin) Or maybe I should say every time I was working in a picture I was pregnant. (Almost as an afterthought . . .) I'm starting "Snob Hill" in a few weeks. . . .

Q. *Do you and Eddie completely agree on how to raise your children?*

A. We do. Of course they haven't been raised very far, so there hasn't been much room for disagreement. But I don't expect any. At this stage, Eddie mostly leaves those things up to me, anyway.

Q. *Would you consider him a "typical" father?*

A. If you mean does he get more worried than I do—by all means! Just yesterday Carrie bumped her head against the wall. Watching Eddie's reaction you'd think she had a major accident! I simply took her by the hand and, pointing at the ledge she had bumped, said, "Boom, boom" a couple of times, and she was all smiles again.

Q. *Can Carrie Frances wind Eddie around her little finger?*

A. Can she! All she has to do is blink her big brown eyes at him and purr, "Daddy," and he melts. Her favorite time to do this is when she's off to bed, or rather about to be put to bed. To stay up longer, she'll hug him and kiss him and just carry on. Eddie usually makes a few attempts in her behalf—but in the end I have my way and send her off to bed.

Q. *Are there other children the same age as yours in the neighborhood?*

A. We are loaded with kids around here. All day long Carrie hollers "Hi boy" at the little boy who lives across the street from us.

Q. *When you aren't working, how do you keep busy all day long?*

A. Running my house, looking after the children, calling a plumber or electrician, marketing, doing charity work,

taking dancing lessons, having interviews, reading scripts, going shopping . . . would you like me to go on?

Q. *Do you have the same friends you had years ago?*

A. The same, and new ones who I hope will become old friends, too. Many of the people I see today I have known for over 15 years.

Q. *If I remember correctly, Eddie is quite a baseball fan. Is it a sacrifice for you to go along with him?*

A. He is, and so am I. My family took me to my first game on a pillow, when I was three months old. In school they used to call me "the frog" because I hollered so loud and so long that invariably I became hoarse from it. I still have a ball going to the games. . . .

Q. *If you and Eddie disagree about anything, who has the last word?*

A. We have never disagreed on anything to that extent.

Q. *Has your taste in clothes changed?*

A. It has. I used to love levis. Now I like to get dressed up more.

Q. *Does it mean you go along with the new fashions—the sack dresses?*

A. I only wear them when I'm traveling and don't care what I look like! I just want to be comfortable and I can always use the sacks as dust rags after I get back. . . .

Q. *Have you developed any new interests over the last few years?*

A. Definitely. My children!

Q. *How much longer does your present contract with MGM run?*

A. Two years.

Q. *What do you plan to do after it terminates?*

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DEBBIE feels raising a family is just one part of her life and her career continues to be important. She's now in "Snob Hill."

HUGH O'BRIAN SAYS:

"I wanna get



married!"

*When an eligible bachelor like
Hugh feels ready to say,
"I'd love nothing better than to
settle down for the rest
of my life with the girl of
my choice," that's news*



NANCY Sinatra is Hugh's most frequent date. "She's a young, vibrant and handsome woman."

By HELEN HENDRICKS

I WANT to get married. I'd love nothing better than to marry and spend the rest of my life with the girl of my choice. I'd like to have a really happy marriage—the kind my parents had, with love and a great emotional security. My mother and father enriched each other's lives. They had a great feeling of togetherness. Because they were together, they were happy. No outside circumstance could interfere with their happiness. It was in their hearts.

"That's the kind of marriage I'd like to have. And I wouldn't wait. I'd marry next month if I found the right girl."

These are always heartening words coming from a bachelor. But when the most eligible bachelor in Hollywood says them, then there's real cause for rejoicing.

Hugh O'Brian, undoubtedly one of Hollywood's most attractive bachelors both from the standpoint of personal charm and success, could also be one of Hollywood's most live-it-up bachelors. The girls are crazy about TV's virile Wyatt Earp, he's crazy about the girls, and his career is going like a house afire.

Although it took Hugh a long time to make a dent in Hollywood's sensibilities, once he became a rage as the hard-hitting Western sheriff, Hugh, of the jutting jaw, the handsome, angular face and the narrowed but kindly blue eyes, became a most desired male star in Hollywood. Every big studio in town asked for him, offering him the fat kind of percentage deals that only stars of the calibre of Gary Cooper and Jimmy Stewart receive. Twentieth Century-Fox was the studio that got him.

But now the question agitating Hollywood is: What girl will get him?

I decided to ask Hugh himself exactly how he felt about the different girls in his life. When I arrived at his apartment, the living room was filled with suitcases. He was getting his things packed so that he could start a vigorous five-week personal appearance tour.

Almost any other star, under the circumstances, would have called off the interview.

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BACHELOR Hugh lives comfortably in a duplex apartment, can whip up elaborate dishes. His wife would have to be a great cook.

but also emotional security to offer a wife"

But Hugh is an outgoing person who can pack, plan, and talk at the same time.

"Let's go," he said, hauling two suitcases in his arms. "We can talk on the drive to the airport."

Suddenly he turned to his secretary, Goodie Leviton. "Where's the script of 'Picnic'? I'll brush up on my lines on the plane." She had it in her hands, ready for him, and handed it to him.

As we drove along in Hugh's red convertible, he said, "Life is good to me now. A few years ago when I was starving no one knew I was alive. Now I have security—financial and emotional."

He leaned back in the car that was rushing us to the airport. A friend of his was driving, and for the first time that day Hugh managed to relax. Stretching his long legs, he said, "Now for the first time in my life I can afford a wife—and can give her many of the nice things a man wants to give a wife."

"Fourteen years ago I almost got married. At that time I had no money. I was in the Marine Corps. But you know how young men are." (Hugh, today, is 31.) "Then I thought very little about the importance of financial security. I was in love—let's call her Mary Ann—and she and I thought nothing would be more wonderful than to be married."

"Mary Ann was everything I wanted in a wife. She was lovely to look at, but she was beautiful inside, too. She had a beautiful mind and heart. Above all, she was a wonderful companion. She knew what I liked, knew all my habits—we had been part of each other's lives for ten years. She was my schoolgirl sweetheart—the girl I'd known and liked

WYATT EARP and Hugh O'Brian are synonymous at this point but besides doing TV he'd like to hit the top in films.



PRE-EARP days, Hugh found it was tough to break into films. Now he's a "hot property" under contract to 20th Century-Fox.

from the third grade on. We both went to elementary school in Chicago. I remember her from those childhood days as a pretty little girl with long blonde curls."

Hugh used to tease her in the loving manner of young boys who are crazy about a girl. They continued to go together through the years. When they were in their teens Hugh realized he was in love with Mary Ann. She was just as much in love with him.

It was an accepted fact that they would get married as soon as Hugh knew what his future would be. They wouldn't wait too long—young lovers don't need to have much money in the bank.

But because it was wartime and Hugh was in the Marine Corps, they felt they shouldn't panic and rush into a purely war marriage. Being in their teens, they were young enough to wait. They could afford to plan for the years ahead. They wrote each other of their loving plans to get married as soon as Hugh was out of the Marine Corps. Then they would start married life in a small apartment.

THEN one day, Hugh learned that Mary Ann had been taken ill. Although he was shaken by the news, he never thought it was serious. She was only 19; she could overcome any disease. So he thought.

While he was in California with his unit, he received a telegram. The news it conveyed was devastating: "Mary Ann died this morning."

He was bereft. All his plans were wrecked. For a time, he thought he would never get over his grief.

Even today he says: "Some people believe that men are not as susceptible to emotional upsets as women, but I felt as if I would go out of my mind with regret. However,

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Roamin' through Rome

Mel and Audrey return to a familiar Italian setting where they cherish a fleeting holiday between film commitments with only the walls of the exquisite old city as witness to the interlude

COFFEE Italian style or "espresso" is served to them with sweet, wafer-thin pastry at the very elegant Greco Cafe on the Via Condotti.



photos by Sanford H. Roth



ARM IN ARM, Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer stroll through one of Rome's many spacious parks.

ALWAYS attentive to one another, they pause for a second in the Roman Forum.
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MEL gets an opportunity to direct Audrey's next film which is "Green Mansions." She has just finished making "The Nun's Story."

bewitched by every column and cobblestone



THE CATS of Rome are legendary animals who look like they carry secrets the careful scrutiny of the passerby cannot uncover.



THEY are alone in a winding alleyway where the stones of the houses will keep their laughing whispers hidden forever.



WITH her customary grace, Audrey obliges a request for her autograph from two Italian sailors who are also on a vacation. **END**



OSCAR winner Joanne rebelled at stereotyped roles even before she became a star, had the sense to wait. "I've worked too long and hard to play bit parts."

Rebels in love

IT WAS the late H. L. Mencken's contention that "To be in love is merely to be in a state of perpetual anesthesia." But he couldn't have meant newlyweds Joanne and Paul Newman, because, to hear them tell it, love produces a state of perpetual delight and wide-awake friskiness instead of numbness and insensitivity to the world around them.

"That Paul," Joanne says tenderly, "will do anything for a gag. He believes he is the world's best popcorn-maker and he's incurably addicted to the stuff. He'll make up a big batch, dripping with butter, and he insists on taking his own supply when we go to the neighborhood movie! Furthermore, that horrible husband of mine blandly saunters up to the usher at the popcorn machine and asks her to keep his sack warm until he calls for it!"

Green-eyed Joanne is something of a non-conformist herself. This reporter has lunched with dozens of actresses. Invariably they order expensive, exotic dishes. While a press agent and I feasted on steaks, Joanne ordered the least expensive lunch on the menu—tuna fish salad sandwich and a glass of milk.

Neither Paul nor Joanne meet any of the legendary requirements of movie stardom. Their Las Vegas marriage on January 29 was kept secret from the press and their studios. The publicity-shy young actress had slipped into Las Vegas only two hours before Newman arrived, in order to throw reporters off the scent. Passionate rebels against the Hollywood desire for star-status and its accompanying publicity, they're equally rebellious against the glamour code that stipulates three Cadillacs and a Bel-Air mansion to keep them in.

According to Paul, "Living in California gets too easy. If you don't watch out, you're apt to find yourself saddled with one of those mansions with two swimming pools, one marked His and the other Hers. Joanne and I refuse to buy that big house and thus get trapped into making pictures we don't believe in, merely to pay off a whopping mortgage. Of course, like a lot of others, we may forget this under that dream-inducing Hollywood sun. But right now, Joanne and I feel that enjoying life and our work is much more important than struggling for material possessions."

So the Newmans have rented an old and spacious Spanish house hidden high in the Hollywood Hills off Laurel Canyon on a secluded tree-shaded winding lane. Instead of a kidney-shaped swimming pool, "ours," explains Joanne, "is swimming pool-shaped and just plain old concrete. The house is furnished so we don't have to worry about furniture, but I'd just love to have a fig tree like those we had back home in Georgia. I'd loll in the

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*The Woodward-Newman alliance
is as sure-fire and
exciting as their talent, for both
are non-conformists who
are uncannily well-matched*



PAUL was named the best actor at the Cannes Film Festival for "Long, Hot Summer." Next is "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof."

By MAXINE BLOCK

shade of the tree on lazy, hot afternoons, reaching up for dozens of sweet, drippy figs and suffer and suffer because I was fat and ugly and had a bad skin and nobody loved me.

"When Whittier said, 'If fruits had mouths they would eat themselves,' he must have been thinking of succulent fresh figs. I've just got to have that fig tree," Joanne continued, a note of deep yearning in her voice, "and every day I ask the waitress here at the studio commissary, 'Have the fresh figs come in yet?' but it's still too early. Oh, well, life is full of problems," she sighed.

But Joanne has no problem with the hilltop house because it's big, has a sewing room and also room for Paul's three youngsters who are coming out from New York to spend the summer. And Paul, who maintains he was born "with a pocketful of lucky horseshoes," believes his luck is holding up because their landlord left on the shelves "everything from Dickens to Poe to Schopenhauer—and no Spillane, thank God!"

The Newmans design for living the simple life includes housewifely days of sewing and cooking for Joanne. Nights, Paul takes over the kitchen after dinner to stir up a big batch of his own special popcorn ("If my friends won't try it, I say 'You're chicken'") and then he and his bride relax in easy chairs. "My idea of real contentment," the husky and handsome actor admits, "is all the popcorn you can eat, all the fine recordings you can listen to, all the beer you can drink,

and all the books you can read . . . Unless it's going to a good movie, Joanne and I aren't much for big premieres where I have to rent me a tuxedo, though now and then Joanne enjoys showing off those creations she runs up on the sewing machine. Mostly we make it a point to go to all the good pictures *after* they've had their plushy premieres—"

"Oh, it's going to be a big summer," she mused. "In addition to Paul's youngsters, his mother and my mother are coming too. What a hectic household that one will be! Maybe I ought to look for a Broadway play . . . No, but seriously, it was my idea—I think that it's a wonderful chance for me to get to know the children, and we're looking forward to it very much."

FIRST there will be ten days in New York. Joanne has kept her apartment there, and lends it to friends. Dennis Hopper has it at the moment. And Claire Bloom had it several months and when she left she hung little ribbon bags filled with sachet all over the living room. "Imagine the fragrance when the door was opened," Joanne recalled. "Such nice guests. One even painted murals on the living room walls."

The newlyweds plan to live in New York in the apartment between pictures. They've been criticized for having no warmth of feeling for Hollywood as their town—no sense of belonging. "I don't hate Hollywood, as one columnist



JOANNE and Paul are teamed again in "Rally 'Round The Flag, Boys" but, as Paul says: "We're not going to accept films just to work together."



better than I and produce healthy children"

sneered," Joanne explained. "Naturally, I like New York better. I've lived there longer, worked there longer, have more friends there. The change of seasons in New York excites me, too. And it has the theatre. Hollywood is wonderful if you like the sun or the beach or outdoor barbecues or gardening. I happen not to care for any of them, except maybe gardening. My thumb is very green, and I feel like I've become a mother every time a little plant comes up!"

Obviously there will be little time for gardening because Joanne and Paul will reteam (as they did in the highly successful "Long, Hot Summer") for "Rally 'Round The Flag, Boys." "We agreed to do it," soft-spoken Paul explained, "because it's a good script. But we don't want to be a 'Mickey and Minnie Mouse' acting team. We've been engulfed with co-starring film ideas ever since our marriage. Eighty percent of the scripts arriving at the house are for both of us. We're flattered, of course, but we're not going to accept films just for the sake of working together."

Nor will they compromise their standards merely for the sake of being together, though they are deeply in love. They're aware that there will be frequent separations and they accept this as one of the penalties of their profession. So, upon conclusion of the film, Paul will go to New York for a play while Joanne will make "The Sound And The Fury" with Yul Brynner. "We plan to reunion in Manhattan after that and I'll do nothing for a while, I hope, but begin

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SINCE her marriage Joanne has lost much of her former tenseness. She and Paul have the same off-beat sense of humor and quicksilver intelligence.





He's no mother's boy

Rumor has had it that Tommy cannot make a move without his mother; here now is the real story and the facts belie any nonsense about his being tied to her apron strings

WHEN Tommy Sands announced a few weeks ago that he would move from Los Angeles to New York to study with Lee Strasberg of Actors Studio fame, a number of people immediately prophesied, "His mother will never let him go!"

To this Tommy retorted, "Mom has agreed with my decisions since I was 13 years old and I expect she'll continue to let me make them as long as I live. . . ."

What brought about the reaction, and counter-reaction? Why did it come about in the first place? And how dependent is Tommy really on Mrs. Sands?

Undoubtedly, Tommy is more devoted to his mother than most young men his age. The reason is simple: the separation of his parents—when Tommy was still a boy—brought mother and son closer together.

He was all she lived for, worked for, concentrated on. His needs always came before anyone else's, and a boy with Tommy's sensitivity couldn't fail to appreciate and reciprocate. But while they are close, there's no indication that he is under his mother's thumb. Her attitude towards his move East is a typical example.

Although he was fairly convinced his mother would not stand in his way, he still felt uneasy the morning he approached the subject. He remembered all too well a previous occasion, when she had turned down a similar request.

It happened a few weeks before they moved to Los Angeles, shortly after he appeared in his first play, in Houston, Texas. He loved acting instantly, but he knew he needed to learn the fundamentals of the profession, and the place to do it would be New York City.

"It's out of the question," Grace Sands had insisted. "Aside from everything else, we don't have the money to pay for lessons now . . ."

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A FAN meeting Tommy is sure to be impressed by the genuine warmth in his smile and his pleasant greeting.

By PAUL BENEDICT

Tommy had that part all figured out. "I've been offered a disk jockey job in Shreveport. If I stay six months and watch my expenditures, I can save enough money to go to New York. . . ."

Mrs. Sands wouldn't permit it. Tommy was too young to be in New York on his own, she reasoned. Besides, they had considered moving to Hollywood, which would be better for his career, and enable them to stay together.

The plan was cancelled.

How different was her attitude a few weeks ago when he told her of his intentions to study with Lee Strasberg.

"It's a wonderful idea," she exclaimed after Tommy and she had fully discussed the project.

Tommy felt relieved. "I even found a place to live . . ." he told her.

"I'm not worried about that," Mrs. Sands assured him. "I know you can take care of yourself. . . ."

And that he did, in an apartment in the East Thirties, which he had rented from a friend on a month-to-month basis.

Actually, Tommy had proven a long time ago that he could look after himself.

He was barely 13 when Grace Sands had become quite ill. When she wasn't in the hospital she spent weeks at a time with her relatives in Shreveport, while Tommy stayed

behind in Houston—by himself. He turned down her suggestions to join her in Louisiana, because he didn't want to miss school, and because he worked in Houston on a local radio station. He also refused to move in with friends of his mother since he preferred to be on his own. Quite obviously, Mrs. Sands had never considered him a mama's boy, or she would never have consented.

However, Tommy admits that at first he had felt uneasy about being left alone in the dark—because of his terrible nightmares about "Bushman," the world's largest gorilla in captivity, who died a few months ago.

When Tommy still lived in Chicago, the Sandses had an apartment near the Lincoln Park Zoo, where Bushman was kept. Tommy was fascinated by the gorilla since he first saw him when he was six years old. Thereafter, he used every opportunity to go over to his cage to throw in bananas and peanuts and whatever he could save from his own dinner.

One afternoon, when he was about seven, a keeper got annoyed that Tommy was fouling up his feeding schedule. "Gorillas don't really like this kind of food," he had warned him. "If you don't stop it, one of these days he'll break out of his cage at night and come up to your room and try to kill you. . . ."

Tommy laughed it off. But he wasn't laughing that night

MATURE beyond his years, nowadays there are very few things that Tommy decides to do that give his mother cause for argument.



stubborn determination to be better than best



SO STRONG is Tommy's desire to act that he has already made plans to take lessons with Lee Strasberg of Actors Studio fame.

when his mother turned off the light and he suddenly remembered the keeper's warnings. And when his father's steps approached an hour later, he let out a scream that could be heard on the floor below.

From then on, he lived in such fear of Bushman that the gorilla became synonymous with darkness itself. That's why he so often insisted upon having a light kept on in the hallway—to keep Bushman away. That was also the reason he was so afraid on his first night in Houston.

"Although I had made up my mind to leave the lights on every night when I turned in," he recalls, "I kept listening for noises nevertheless. Often I couldn't go to sleep till I was exhausted. But then something curious happened. About a week after Mom had left, I came home from the studio so tired that I forgot all about Bushman and leaving the lights on. I just fell into bed and went to sleep. The next morning, when I realized what I had done, or rather what I hadn't done, I was completely over my fear. . . ."

There is ample evidence that Tommy has never been a weakling, indecisive, or easily influenced.

His reaction to his mother's attitude toward his girl friends is another typical example.

TOMMY doesn't want to get married. Not yet. For one thing, he wants to concentrate on his career. For another, he has too much fun taking out a lot of different girls, and he knows he's not ready, financially, or mentally, to settle down. "But," he insists, "since I was old enough to make a date, in my mother's eyes, every girl I ever talked to became a candidate for the future Mrs. Tommy Sands. . . ."

And she reacted to these possibilities like a typical mother—which meant no girl was good enough to be taken seri-



TOMMY made three versions of his hit record, "Teen-Age Doll," before the perfectionist in him was satisfied with the results.

ously by Tommy! Yet whenever Mrs. Sands came up with another objection Tommy quietly listened until she had finished, then kissed her gently on the cheek and smiled, "You're so right, dear"—and went right ahead and dated the girl anyway!

How much Tommy has learned to stand on his own feet is amply evident in his day-by-day living. True, he listens to his mother, his brother, his personal manager and publicist, but in the final analysis he is the one who makes the decision, and quite frequently, contrary to what he's been urged to do.

Like what happened recently with his smash recording, "Teen-Age Doll."

He'd spent an entire session at Capitol Records working on this one song, a session where one might expect him to have recorded at least three. When the three hours were up, Tommy was not satisfied. "Let's try it again tomorrow night," he said to his Capitol Records mentor, Ken Nelson.

The next night, after having spent most of the day reworking the arrangement with his conductor-arranger, Bob Bain, Tommy tackled "Teen-Age Doll" again. This time there was a difference like day and night in the way Tommy and the song sounded. But that was not the end.

While flying to New York as part of a 26-city publicity tour in behalf of his first movie, "Sing, Boy, Sing," Tommy seemed more deeply engrossed in thought than usual.

"What's eating you?" asked his friend and personal manager, Ted Wick.

"I've been thinking," said Tommy. "I'm *still* not sure we've made the right record of 'Teen-Age Doll.'"

"Now, wait a minute," protested Ted. "You've already spent over two thousand dollars on that one song. Don't tell

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In search of Prince Charming

It may be a matter of days or perhaps more time will lapse before the right man comes along for the beautiful Kim, who will settle for nothing less than true love to live happily ever after



"I LOVED Mac (Krim) and still do," Kim says, "and he feels the same but we're not in love; there's a difference."

By JACK HOLLAND

NOT long ago a magazine quoted a psychiatrist on the subject of Kim Novak. It wasn't so strange that he got into the act, since analyzing the luscious star of "Bell, Book And Candle" is a favorite pastime these days. But with this particular story, Columbia Pictures, Kim's home studio, was sufficiently irritated to check up on the psychiatrist and his source of material. The findings were more than interesting. The gentleman had come to his astounding conclusions from looking only at a still picture of Kim. He hadn't even met her.

Other stories about her have been based on the same kind of flimsy material. There have been heart-rending epics about her loneliness, accompanied by sterling advice on what to do about it; there have been soul-searching documents about her fears—and what to do about them. To all of these, Kim has reacted with calmness and a little indifference. But she has her answers to all such tales.

Kim, dressed in a chartreuse shirt and black capri pants, removed her shoes, curled her bare feet up under her, and began to let down her lavender-silver hair.

"All this talk about my being lonely," she began with a good deal of enthusiasm. "Certainly I'm lonely sometimes—who isn't? And I don't regret it in the least. I feel that being lonely is good for me at times. I feel many different moods at many different moments and I don't want to change any of them."

"As for fears, if they don't get out of hand, I think they are of value. They keep your feet on the ground, keep you trying. When I first started my career, I was afraid I'd not make it, so I worked hard. I still do. Now I don't ever want to become so

◀ **REAL** privacy is a rare luxury, for she is always surrounded by admirers.

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KIM NOVAK
continued



KIM gives one of her best performances in "Vertigo," directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Her next film is "Bell, Book And Candle."

STARRY-EYED and breathtakingly lovely, Kim is looking for the kind of moonbeams that don't vanish but stay bright forever.



Kim continues to be guided by her instincts:

contented that I stop being concerned about the future. I'll always want challenges. I'd certainly want to be psychoanalyzed if everything started going too smoothly.

"I have been annoyed, though, with stories that are merely idle speculations—such as those that say I'm sorry for myself. This is not in the least true. I don't feel sorry for myself and never have. I can do without those articles that ponder the question: 'Why should Kim be unhappy when she has everything?' I don't know who said I was unhappy. I'm not that I know of. And, besides, I don't have everything. I don't have a marriage, a family, a few highly important things like that.

"I also resent stories that attempt to analyze my relationship with my family. If only they'd stop taking things I say and twisting them into some ridiculous conclusions.

"Most of the completely inaccurate stories are done by people who don't even know me," said Kim. "They're the ones, too, who make productions out of little things. For instance, I'm asked in stories why I use a lavender rinse on my hair. Does this have to have a Freudian explanation? Can't it just be that I like that color? Which happens to be the answer.

"I'll never argue with the fact that I have basic insecurities. We all have. And they are, in a way, necessities. I've had heartache, yes, like anyone else, but I know that everything that has happened to me has turned out eventually to be

This is the Missus



Mrs. Don Murray or Hope Lange is many people; a gentle wife, a devoted mother, and a talented actress whose feminine quality gives her a most delicate air

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

AT FIRST glance, Hope Lange is slight, slim, soft-voiced, and very young. She appears somewhat shy, and sometimes a little uncertain of what she wants to say. On second look, you notice her expressive hands, the strong lines of her face, and the growing ardor in her voice. That happens when she talks on most anything but herself.

"Interviewers frighten me. They ask questions they're not sure about, and that makes me doubly unsure of how to answer them." It was our first meeting, and Hope took time out for a sigh. "If only the interviewee were allowed to produce both the questions and answers—how simple that would be! For instance, I just love to talk about my home, my husband, my young son, my career . . . but not necessarily in that order."

And this is exactly what she did.

First, there was the house. Although they had bought it some time ago, it was not even half-furnished. Just the bare essentials, beds, dining room suite, tables, lamps, an odd picture or two. But still no draperies or rugs. The reason? Hope believes it takes time, taste and affection to plan a home that—like a good marriage—will last forever.

"Don and I didn't meet, fall in love and marry overnight. So when it comes to furnishing the house we expect to live in all our lives, we don't want to rush," she explained. "We'd like to treasure everything in it, as much as we treasure one another."

Admittedly, Hope is a girl with plans. She has a very good one, she thinks, for the top ranking member of the household: Christopher Paton Murray, born on March 19, 1957. Neither she, nor Don, have any magnificent plans for the boy; neither cares what kind of a career he has when he grows up, but both care very much what sort of person he will be.

"Most of all, I want him to grow up *unafraid*, of life and people, and all the unhappiness and happiness that is a part of living," said Hope, her green eyes very serious.

"I want him to always have a feeling of love—to give and receive," she went on. "Particularly I want

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◀ **ACTING** is very important to Hope and Don, but they both feel that marriage comes first.



THEIR acting futures grow brighter every day. Hope's next is "The Hell Raisers," Don is currently in "From Hell To Texas."

THEY look too young to be parents but the favored member of the Murray household is year and a half old Christopher Paton.

Christopher to *be a child* while he's a child in years. Childhood should be a wonderful time of discovery and happiness, and a lot of the joy in adult life is missed if the child is hurried into sophistication too soon." Then she added with a twinkle, "And I do hope Christopher is going to enjoy A. A. Milne's books as I did!"

Bringing up Christopher is one subject Hope Lange never tires of talking about, because of her plan, which is simply that she insists on taking complete care of the baby.

"That's important, I think," said Hope, "because he's my child and I'm responsible for starting him on the road he should go. Of course, I have to have some help to be free for my work, and that's where Naomi comes in. Although she's not a baby nurse, she lives with us and helps by doing whatever I haven't time for."

Actually, the plan has worked out very well. When Hope is not working, she does all the housework . . . from cooking to cleaning to marketing and laundry, and taking care of Christopher. Then Naomi just helps a little bit. That way Hope vacations from the household chores while she's at the studio, and when she's not working, Naomi can take things a little easier and have a sort of vacation, too.

Hope Lange's idea of a pleasant evening is just being alone with Don. They enjoy a leisurely home-cooked dinner, and sitting in front of the fire to read novels and scripts. Both Hope and Don are fond of music, have a fine collection of classical and popular music. But the hi-fi, like so many other things in their house, has yet to be fixed for them to hear the records properly.

"**A**T PRESENT," Hope explained, "our entertaining is limited to dinner parties, and we have never more than eight, including ourselves. In fact, we prefer six, so we can talk. Our friends are just—our friends. We know all sorts of people, but mostly not those with big glamorous names. Professionals or non-professionals, our friends are people we enjoy knowing because of what they are rather than who they are."

Hope is very much at home in the kitchen. She's par-



major decisions to Don, who is her severest critic as well as being her most ardent admirer

ticularly good at cooking Continental food, using lots of wines and herbs. While Don prefers the simple foods, like roast leg of lamb with pan-browned potatoes, her best dish is fettucini. Both like artichokes, asparagus, broccoli—all sorts of vegetables, in fact. Both drink very little, and while Hope has coffee, Don passes it by. Neither likes desserts.

A New Yorker at heart, she misses the Broadway theatres, the small, fashionable restaurants and the four distinct seasons. What she enjoys most about Hollywood is the sun, the casual living, being able to drive a car all the time . . . but she still doesn't like to see women shopping in slacks.

She thinks the new sack dresses are perfectly dreadful, and that they are doomed because women will get tired of never having a waistline. She never reads reviews, finds them infuriating because they often condemn good acting when the story is not equally good.

Hope likes to paint and draw, but has never (she says) turned out anything good enough to frame. She likes to have her home filled with flowers, and is partial to daisies and carnations. She thinks gardening is too time-consuming as a hobby, otherwise would like to try it. She thinks the two men who have influenced her most in her career are director-coach Paton Price, and actor Don Murray.

The three women she admires most in the world are Eleanor Roosevelt, Madame Pandit and Helen Keller. The three men she'd like most to meet are Adlai Stevenson, Laurence Olivier and Leonard Bernstein. She has no preference between the movies, theatre and TV for her own career—because she thinks the well-rounded actress should try all mediums.

She's reserved on the subject of psychoanalysis for actors, believes it can help some and is ruinous for others. Strictly feminine in both manner and figure, Hope is an active, athletic girl. She is a competent skier, a good ice-skater, swims well and plays a fair game of tennis.

She admits to a mad fondness for jewelry, owns a gold charm bracelet with charms representing all the important things in her life—one is a tiny gold house! Her favorite colors are lavender, greens, and soft yellow.

Neither quick with a smile or laugh, Hope Lange does not always give the impression that she has a rich sense of humor . . . that she enjoys a laugh, even when she's responsible for it. This was never more evident than when she was an assistant emcee on an NBC-TV show called, "The Sky's The Limit." She read off the names, handed out the prizes, and was also supposed to do the commercials.

"SHORTLY after I joined the show, we had a new sponsor who made an aerated whipped cream," Hope grinned. "As my first commercial, I was to decorate a custard pie with a whipped cream border, and it was a catastrophe. After saying impressively, 'Ladies! See how easy, how simple, to make gorgeous desserts—no messy beaters, no dirty bowls, no fuss or mess . . . I proceeded to upend the whipped cream can—and the most horrible noises broke loose! First, it grumbled and growled and nearly drowned out my voice—and then it practically exploded in my hands!'"

TV audiences will long remember that commercial. Whipped cream spurted in every direction—all over the pie, the table, Hope's hands and dress, and even onto the TV camera televising the disaster. Instead of being horrified, Hope finished the commercial to the bitter end, shaking with laughter. Knowing that she would be fired, she added, "Of course, it doesn't *always* work this way!"

She was fired, all right. Also, after that, they put the commercial on film.

Hope Lange was born in Redding Ridge, Connecticut, and her birthday comes along every November 28. Her father, John Lange, who died in 1942, was a cellist, composer and musical arranger with the old Ziegfeld company. Her mother is Minnette Buddecke, a talented Broadway and Shakespearean actress.

Hope is one of four children. A sister, Minelda, is the wife of Robert Jiras, CBS-TV's make-up head in New York. Another sister, Joy, is Mrs. Harry Boardman, whose husband is with the Ford Foundation. Her brother, David Lange, is studying English as a sophomore at Harvard and hopes to be a director after he graduates. A cousin, Dorothea Lange,

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THE MURRAYS prefer their evenings quiet. They love sitting in front of the fire after one of Hope's superbly cooked meals.

The ordeal of Tab Hunter



TAB FELT he was being put into films without much substance so he signed up for acting lessons to perfect his technique.

When Hollywood labeled him a "has been" and a "failure," Tab looked oblivion straight in the eye and had the courage to twist defeat into a grand triumph

IT HAD reached the point where Hollywood wits were quipping. "Will failure spoil Tab Hunter?"

The beached dreamboat of Warner Bros. was wondering the same thing. Not that the sad-eyed, flaxen-haired teenage idol considered himself a failure by a long shot. To him, to have failed would have meant to have tried and to have been found wanting. But his complaint was that he was either poorly used or unused, untried and untested, shelved. He felt boxed up, in forced eclipse—and in the cynical semantics of the movie profession, failure and eclipse are two words with a single meaning.

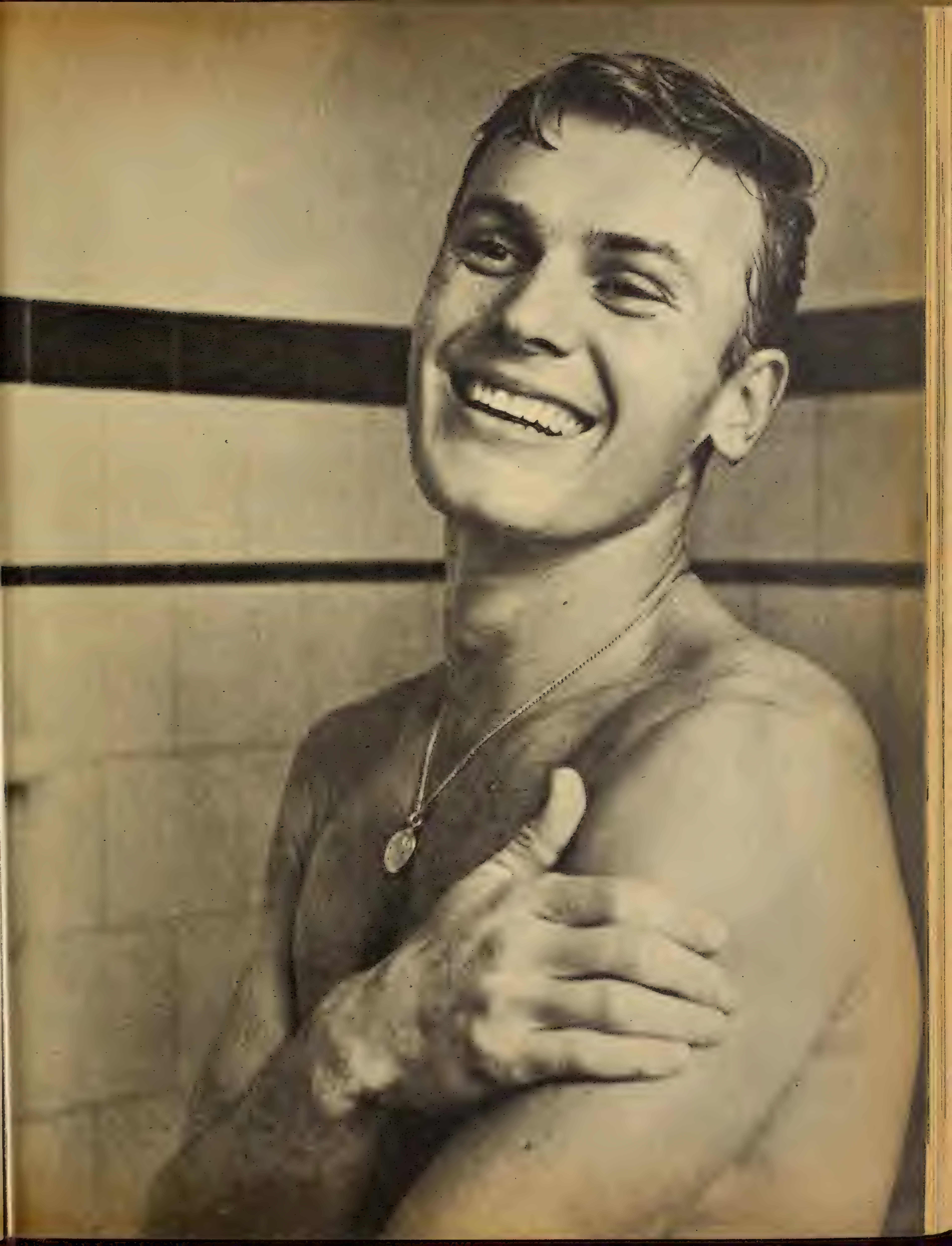
People were beginning to wonder, some of them rash enough to do so out loud, if Tab Hunter was washed up. But Tab had no less an intention than the desire to permit himself to be marched into oblivion. His soft voice was raised in anger. There was a hardening in his normally ingenuous manner, and although he is celebrated for his affability, he did not pretend to be amiable about what was happening to his career. He was at odds with his studio, and often at odds with his friends. Instead of winning friends and influencing people, he was speaking his mind and shedding sycophants.

"This is such a fickle business, you have to be careful," he minced no words. "We're only commodities to the studio. When they're done with you, they'll get somebody else. So you have to look out for yourself."

In the course of looking out for himself—i.e., project survival—Tab delivered himself of other pungent pronouncements rare in a metropolis not overly accustomed to such candor.

"I'll sit it out for five years if I have to," he vowed. "I've had it.

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Instead of remaining as idle as his career had become, Tab studied to develop his talents and was rewarded with recognition

From now on, I'm going to do what's best for me and what the public thinks is best for me."

This latter was a thinly veiled reference to Tab's bursting displeasure with the studio for bottling up an album of songs he recorded for Dot Records after his maiden disc effort, "Young Love," sold its head off to surpass the phenomenal 2,500,000 mark—and to earn for him a coveted gold record, representing one million sales, an accolade that thus far has escaped the clutches of even so hallowed a troubadour as the great Frank Sinatra.

"I'll just take my horse out to pasture," he threatened.

For a while it seemed as though he might well be sitting it out for five years, and that his horse—a noble jumper named Swizzle Stick—would have company in pasture.

During his unhappy hiatus, with just one picture in the can, with his sensational singing career snuffed out aborning, even the glory of his fabulous one shot record, "Young Love," began to tarnish.

In the course of a series of articles on the impact of rock 'n' roll music, a Los Angeles afternoon newspaper administered one of the unkindest cuts of all.

"Everyone in the trade knows Hunter, for instance, has no singing voice," the newspaper asserted. "It's an industry joke that his hit record, 'Young Love,' was made from pieces of tape from several recording attempts. Engineers made him a singer."

Out of sight, out of mind due to picture inactivity on the one hand, on the other hand, mercilessly badgered when he was remembered, Tab was not precisely jubilant about

the buffeting he was taking. He was only human—and he exercised all the privileges of this sometimes dubious state of grace. He was given to flashes of temper and irritability. He groused and grumbled and blew his stack just like any charged up young man who was convinced that he had his fingers around the short end of the stick. His eruptions over the telephone startled studio functionaries who had previously found him easy-going. He responded to various requests with angry outbursts that bespoke his festering unhappiness.

AND LIKE any other frustrated working man, Tab took his troubles home with him. His romance with lovely Venetia Stevenson became an on-again, off-again relationship because of fights during which they would not speak to each other a week, and sometimes more, at a time. But they always made up because Venetia understandingly attributed his period of pique and irritability to his hammering complex career problems.

"Boy, does he have a temper," she admitted with a sigh that pointed up her affectionate objectivity. "Tab is stubborn and pig-headed! He's the most wonderful person and the most horrible person. He can be either way. To summarize Tab, I'd say when he's good, he's very good, and when he's bad, he's horrid."

But her eyes and voice were warm with her esteem for Tab, and despite her recognition of his human frailties it was obvious that she was a stout partisan.

"About one per cent of the time," she hastened to put her evaluation in balance, "we get into fights. The rest of the time it's wonderful. Tab has been upset lately because of his career. That's a terrific strain. He's always on the phone. In the first place, we're both of us too actorish. We're both kind of temperamental if things don't go our way. It's a wonderful, but nerve-wracking business. You're always a little bit in high gear because you have to be so alert. After all, seeing a person every day under those conditions, he's bound to get irritable."

Venetia, who went riding with Tab daily, and appeared

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NO MORE phony, studio-arranged publicity dates for Tab who demanded he be allowed to go out with ladies he chose, such as Dolores Hart.





SINGING lessons paid off in the "Damn Yankees" lead. His studio bought the film when they realized what a hot property he was.

Breakfast with Mrs. Crosby

"My husband and I don't agree

we're public institutions," Kathryn said,

and with quiet dignity she explained

why, thus revealing something of herself

By JOHN MAYNARD

IT BEGAN in the very beginning and has never stopped. She pliked. Plike is a word of her own. It means 'play-like' but the spelling is contracted. It means being someone you're not. Kathryn Grant Crosby is always someone she is not because that is her only way of being what she is. That is herself. Without someone to respond to, to be someone *with* and *against*, she suspects she is a cipher. It does not dismay her. She suspects it's inescapable so far as she is concerned.

At eight, she pliked she was June Allyson in the role of a nun. It was a recurrent dream, a soporific that lulled her to sleep. She lay piteously by a roadside, a picturesque cut festooning her forehead, and presently a bucko in Western garb came and rescued her, sweeping her up as he leaned over from his horse's saddle, not bothering to check his pace. It was a gasser of a dream. But it never came close to reality. That bucko was never Harry Lillis (Bing) Crosby, who was beyond the scope of even the daydreams of Kathryn Grandstaff of Houston and West Columbia and Robstown, all in Texas, later to be Kathryn Grant and then the possessor of her present calling cards.

This was the fifth time I had met her. She was the same girl of the Naples Restaurant in Hollywood months before, of the Beverly Derby weeks after that, of her Beverly Hills apartment when that particular lunch was over, of the patio part of the Beverly Hills' Polo Lounge even another time. The heart-shaped face and high forehead were the same. She makes no effort to minimize the forehead except for a single spit-curl, which doesn't do the job. She was fresh and effervescent and hungry, as she usually is. She knew on that day she was with child but there was not the faintest intimation of it.

She said, laughing, "What could you possibly have in mind?" and laughed again. Between her and her friend, obviously the writer of this piece, it was a long-running gag: no Bing Crosby.

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PRETTY Kathryn shares a love of sports with her man Bing, who seems even mellower since marrying again.



ROSSANO BRAZZI

The Brazzi Charm

He is as effervescent and romantic

as his native Italy, his

dark good looks are as continental as his

manner; as a man and an

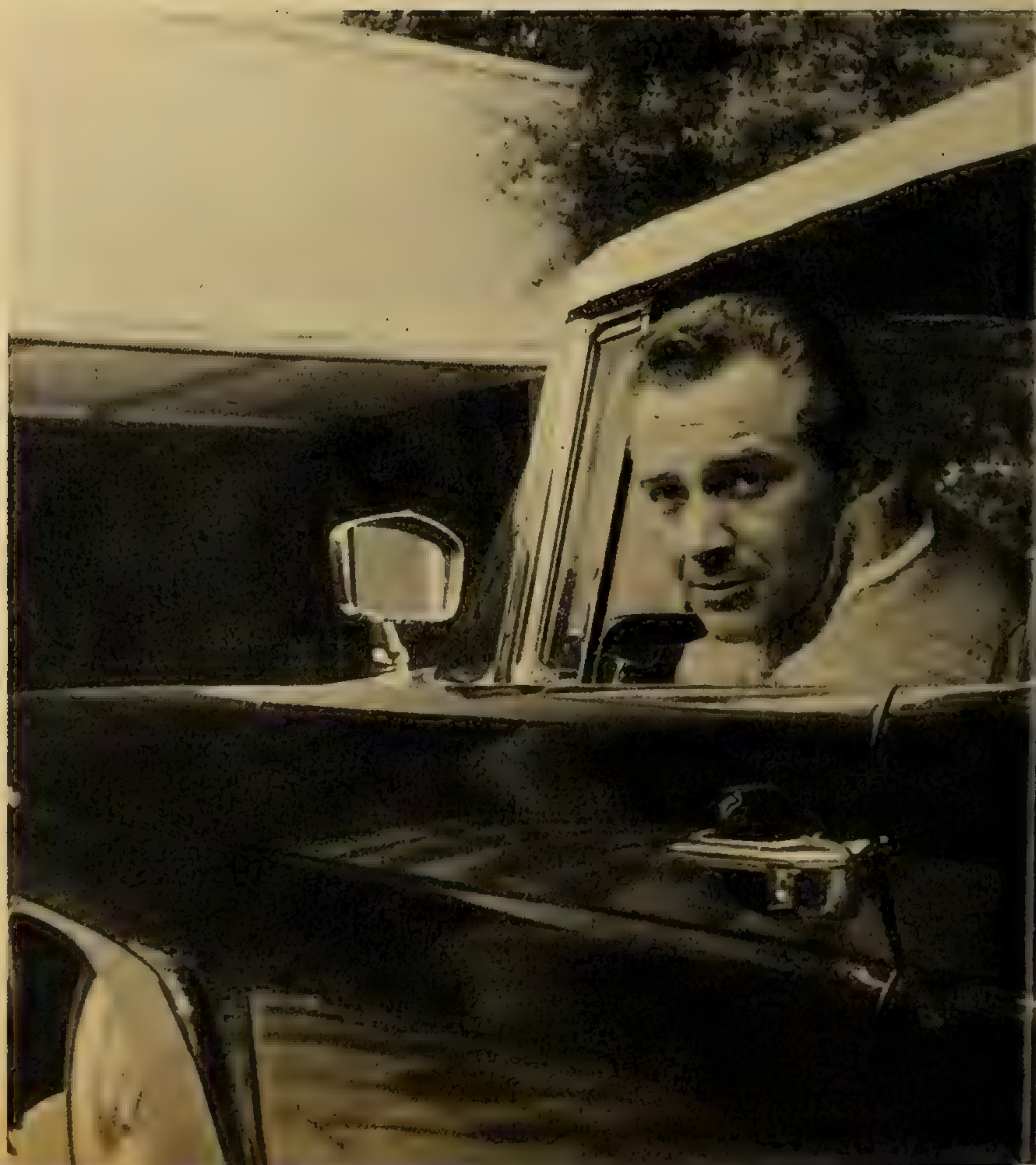
actor, Rossano spells—fascination

photos by Girard Decaux, Globe



HE ENJOYS relaxing in the patio-garden of his California house for, when the sun is out, it's almost like being in Rome.

IT'S FUN exploring the country in his new car, but Rossano confesses he's still dazed by the drivers in Southern California.





RUMOR has it Rossano will retire in a couple of years but he can't be serious, he's too much in demand. Next is "A Certain Smile."
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EASYGOING in his manner, when it comes to acting he demands a great deal of himself and he is rarely, if ever, satisfied with his work.

HIS PRIZE possessions are his three white toy poodles: Bubbles, Titti and Bambi. Rossano loves teaching them tricks for they learn quickly.



In a world of immense pressures, Rossano has the good sense to savor life like rare wine, slowly



AS A HOST, Rossano is superb. He and his wife, Lydia, love entertaining and they have parties as often as the time permits. **END**

SCREENLAND / *fashions*

Everybody loves a sailor

By SUE COLLINS



*Mid-summer middy fashions are
snowy white and drip-dry*

HERE'S your chance to wear two of the greatest fashion flatterers of all time: the jaunty sailor collar, and the most successful "color" ever invented, pure white! Who doesn't love a sailor? For sheer gay young appeal, there's nothing to beat the whistle-gay look of a middy collar, with the traditional navy blue stripes and a bright red sailor's tie knotted nautically right under the V. And as for white, a chance to wear it doesn't turn up every day in the year. About the only time you can really enjoy that pure snowy look is right now, in the middle of summer, when your tan is at its best and the weather is so hot that people feel cooler just looking at you! No matter what your coloring, white makes it prettier! If you're blonde, white makes you more golden. If you're brunette, white contrasts with your dramatic eyes and skin. If you're redheaded, white simply makes you dazzling. So grab the chance to wear snow color while you can—it really doesn't last long. The three middy fashions shown here give you all the choice in the world. Wear your middy as you like it—sleeveless, sleeved, two-piece, one-piece, waistless, waisted. If you like separates, the fashion on the left is two-piece, so that you can team both top and skirt with other things in your wardrobe. Notice the smart chemise look through the middle, and the line of navy blue way down over the hips. The dress in the center is the full-skirted version, with a belt for you who insist on showing your tiny waists, no matter what! The stripe of navy blue around the hem emphasizes the swirl of the skirt. The dress on the right is a one-piece chemise with a two-piece look, and side buttons to accent the down-over-the-hip look. At this point, though, you may be wondering—how in the world are you going to *keep* white white? And what good is a cute fashion, if you have to worry about keeping it clean every minute you're wearing it? And that's just what's so great about these white middy fashions. They're drip-dry combed cottons—so you can wear them and relax! You can wash them in no time flat, hang them up to drip dry, and climb right back into them with just a quick flick of the iron. All you need is a speedy touch-up around the collar—the body of the dress dries smooth without pressing. On a weekend, say, you could wear your middy Saturday morning and put it on again, freshly washed, on Sunday afternoon. Naturally, you can wear your middy to the beach or lake and look as sporty as you please. With heels and gloves, you can wear it to work or to town, and look fashionably chemise-y. And that's a lot of fun and fashion to get out of any ten dollar bill!

Wonderful white middy fashions in drip-dry cottons, all trimmed with blue stripes and bright red ties. Also come in navy with white stripes. Left, two-piece chemise. Center, full-skirted version. Right, one-piece chemise with two-piece look. Sizes 5 to 15. About \$10 each, by Teentimers, at leading dept. stores.



END

Rebels In Love

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raising a family, said Joanne, smiling.

Meanwhile Joanne is catching up on housewifely arts. Like any well-brought up young Southern belle, she was taught to be a good cook and to sew a fine seam. Not content merely with the traditional Southern fried chicken and beaten biscuits, Joanne, with the help of the impressive "Gourmet Cookbook," is venturing far afield into exotic international dishes and has become adept at Russian blintzes. "A friend gave me some good advice," she admitted slyly, "make the first batch and establish yourself with your guests. Then, buy them ready made at the delicatessen and, on their second visit, the guests will never know the difference. I'm a good cook though I don't particularly like to do it, but I prefer my own cooking to anyone else's. My favorite food is fried chicken, what else? You can offer me the finest French cuisine but I'm still a Southerner and prefer fried chicken, rice and gravy, blackeyed peas, orange and coconut made into ambrosia, and I could live for a week on pot likker alone (the juice of boiled turnip greens) and clabber, the poor man's yogurt. But unfortunately it's all so fattening I don't eat it anymore—just stick to steaks (which I don't like) eggs, vegetables and fruit.

"I RARELY buy my clothes, I make them. I'll see a dress in a shop window marked \$79.50 and I say, 'Oh, pooh. I can make that for \$10.00. But I'm really trying to cure myself of my terrible thriftiness. Those yards and yards of green brocaded imported satin for the gown and coat I made for Academy Award night cost me a big fat \$120. But what I really need is a good custom-made dress form."

It was suggested to Joanne that certainly the wardrobe department of 20th Century-Fox would be happy to give their honored Oscar-winner one for home use. "Are you kidding?" outspoken Joanne asked. "They haven't even given me a dressing room in the Star's Building yet."

And when the blonde actress told her husband that she was still assigned to a cubicle in what is called Poverty Row for a dressing room while other actresses were luxuriously quartered, Paul, that irrepressible prankster, threatened to picket the head of the studio. And again, when the proud bridegroom escorted a quivering Joanne (clutching her golden Oscar) to the lavish ball at the Beverly Hilton Hotel, he stopped the studio limousine at a little grocery store, bought bottles of beer for their guests, Joan Collins and her date, and solemnly toasted Joanne on her triumph. Then all four continued on their way, with their beer bottles in hand.

Winning the coveted award hasn't dulled pixie-ish Joanne's sense of humor.

Her observation on what price glory: "I'll bet there are a lot of Oscars in hock shops in Hollywood." Seriously though, the dedicated Joanne is proud and thrilled to have won the Oscar, but she adds, "I'm kind of a worrier. When I make my next movie, 'Rally 'Round The Flag, Boys,' I'll have to hide it. I'd be too self-conscious with Oscar there looking at me."

Here is one actress who knows what she wants. She's a girl of fire and humor and a tongue that sings with words. She's quick, intelligent, incisive—a dedicated actress who "wanted to act from the time I could talk." So it's understandable that she rebelled at stereotyped roles offered by her studio ("I've worked too long and too hard to play bit parts") and waited for such rewarding roles as she had in "Three Faces Of Eve," "No Down Payment" and "The Long, Hot Summer." "If I want to do a play on Broadway (my contract limits plays), I'll do it, studio suspension or not," she said firmly, then broke into a broad grin: "I guess you can call me a rebel with a clause."

On many occasions Joanne has stated frankly that her first love is the stage. She finds working in movies more frustrating, more difficult than Broadway or TV, and much less fun.

"But I'll tell you something more. When you walk up to get the Oscar, it's worth everything, everything!"

It's likely that both Joanne and Paul feel their marriage is worth everything, too. That marriage was a long-hoped for climax to a courtship filled with pain and anguish for the 27-year-old fantastically talented actress and the equally brilliant 33-year-old highly-vocal exponent of the New York rebel school of actors. They'd met as understudies for the Broadway hit play, "Picnic." Because Paul was a married man, love came unbidden and remained to torment them for five years until Paul's divorce became final. During that time all three members of the triangle sought the services of psychoanalysts to free them from their turmoil.

With marriage to Joanne, the handsome, brooding-lipped actor with direct blue eyes and close-cropped light brown curly hair, appears to be relaxing his tensions. "I'm a guy in search of myself," he confided to a reporter before his marriage. "To this day I don't know how I ever got stuck with acting; I think I am probably the least qualified of anyone to act. I really wanted to teach. But acting was the only thing in which I received any recognition. I know I'm not an actor in terms of what I hope I might be some day. I'd say I got a long way to go. You know it's easy enough to hide behind a character you're playing and not feel any of the emotions involved. The difficult thing is to actually experience the emotions and get them across."



"I'VE wanted to act from the time that I could talk," Joanne Woodward confesses.

A close friend of his has commented: "The guy has a staggering amount of talent, an assured position on the Broadway stage, in television and motion pictures. Yet he has alienated the press by his refusal to sit still for personal publicity, fights with directors and his studio, turns down roles and is generally tough, sarcastic and independent. He's also an exciting, magnetic, extraordinary personality—and he's quickly achieved the kind of stardom that happens only to a select few in Hollywood. Yet he is a man filled with problems, and he finds release from personal anxiety fleetingly through his work. Now, I don't for a minute believe that Paul should be a well-adjusted, all's-right-with-the-world type of guy. Just living, after all, is enough to make the thinking man a neurotic. But I believe that Paul's marriage will help reduce his personal anxieties so that he will be freer to enjoy his success as an actor.

"Both Joanne and Paul are highly complex individuals. In the close bonds of marriage, this inevitably presents problems. But they are alike enough to understand each other and their love has been tested under adverse conditions since they first met. I think that it's a good marriage."

IT must be, for these days, Joanne fairly glows as a bride, has lost much of the tenseness she formerly displayed. She's a strange girl, with none of the usual actressy mannerisms, a joy to talk with and share her off-beat humor.

Not beautiful or voluptuously put together, the crystal green-eyed actress has the kind of anonymity of feature of the truly great actor—Paul has it too in the same degree—which comes to life only with the part she is portraying or the setting in which she finds herself. Thus she can portray great beauty, intense sexual allure, little-girl loneliness, sadness or exhilarating gayety, and in a twinkling drop the coloration and return to herself. It accounts for her changeableness, her contradictory statements,

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Hollywood Love Life

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estate, with eight bedrooms and eight baths! Says Tony, "It will take me quite a while to get used to this elegance. I'm a kid who grew up in a room behind my father's tailor shop in New York." Tony, who's been rushing from one film to another recently, has a month's rest before he starts "Some Like It Hot" with Marilyn Monroe.

MORE BATHS—Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay scarcely had time to find their way around in their big new home before they left for England where Jayne is making, of all things, a Western! Their new "cottage" also has eight bedrooms and thirteen baths. "Whoever built this house really dug having bathrooms," quipped Jayne.

HONEST—Joanne Woodward swears this is true or we wouldn't report it. Seems husband Paul Newman likes to cook and considers his real culinary masterpiece is popcorn! He won't even tell Joanne what he does to make it different from other popcorn. Anyway, when they go to their neighborhood movie he takes along a bag of his corn and since it cools off on the trip he asks the girl at the popcorn stand to put it in the warmer for a couple of minutes. And, she does! Joanne is still doing the bride bit, getting up real early to fix Paul's breakfast, although he says he doesn't mind cooking his own eggs. He was making "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" while Joanne had time free and could have slept late.

QUIET TIME—June Allyson and Dick Powell cancelled plans for their South American tour when they learned they'd have only one month's vacation instead of two. They're chartering a boat and will cruise up the Pacific Coast to Canadian waters around Victoria and Vancouver. They'll take the kids, Ricky and Pam, plus a cook, and have a lazy, quiet time. Dick swears he's not going to shave. "That would make it a real vacation," quoth he.

"PAPA"—There will be a "little bundle" arriving at Tab Hunter's place come late Fall and he's as pleased as if he really were about to become a father. Well, nearly. The facts: his mare will be foaling and then Tab will have three horses. So now he's dickering to buy two acres, complete with house, in the San Fernando Valley where he'd build stables and a corral. Venetia Stevenson and Tab have resumed their riding dates now that he's back in town. Tab, a natural athlete, is doing his first film dancing in "Damn Yankee" and had his mother on the set to watch him. She's a very attractive woman and Tab is very proud of her.

She'd have been proud of him if she saw him in the baseball sequence. Tab was at bat and on the second pitch hit a home run! Slammed the ball right out of the park. The director nearly went out of his mind because he hadn't had the camera on Tab. "I never thought he could do it," he moaned. Wait until you see Tab's great acting job in "Gunman's Walk"—he's a heavy you'll love to hiss.

FRIENDS—George Nader and Martha Hyer have resumed dating, now that he's back from England, but we believe they're really just good friends, as they say. George returns to London in September for "SOS Pacific" and it's our guess he'll then resume dating Maggie Smith, his steady date while they were making "Nowhere To Go." Watch for Martha to get a big glamour build up—and she's really become a glamour girl. Always in the well-dressed, well-groomed group, she's now become extra sleek and chic. She brought back a stunning wardrobe from Paris, drives a Lincoln Continental, bought a house which she's decorated in excellent taste. This Hyer gal has a flair.

DATA ON DATES—This Barry Coe is really "something for the girls." Besides Connie, he's been having water-skiing dates with Kathy Gallant, fishing and horseback riding dates with Nina Shipman, nightclub dates with Jill St. John. . . . Kathy has also been dating Nico Minardos, ex-husband of the new Mrs. Tyrone Power. . . . Pretty Sandra Dee didn't have a date for her 16th birthday party, a family affair, but there were 16 yellow roses from young actor John Wilder on the table.

SIGHT OF THE MONTH—Dana Wynter is tooling around in a 1926 Model-T Ford, really startling the natives who go for the big custom cars or the racy imported sports models. Dana's Ford is practically a museum piece but in perfect

running order and will hit a fast 45 mph, if she hangs tight to the wheel. She had to learn to drive all over again to manage the foot-pedal gear shift. The car was a present from her ever-lovin' spouse Greg Bautzer, a man with a real sense of humor.

ABOUT LIZ—Too bad Liz Taylor isn't in the frame of mind for a car like Dana's. Liz is taking Mike Todd's death very hard. Just a couple of times she drove the big Rolls Royce Mike gave her, then decided it depressed her and borrowed Eddie Fisher's little Gia. She plans to sell the big car, and also to move. Eddie and Debbie have really been helping her over her emotional bumps. So have Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward; she co-stars with Paul in her current film.

MALIBU MALES—Floyd Simmons has given up his tiny "house with the tree"—there literally was a tree growing up through the roof in his living room—and moved to larger quarters down at Malibu Beach, more convenient for MGM studio and his good role in "Party Girl." Floyd is an accomplished painter, has done interesting portraits of France Nuyen, Venetia Stevenson and Joanna Moore, all of whom he's dated, too. . . . Don Burnett found time between working in "Northwest Passage" and dates with Cindy Robbins to help Rock Hudson find a beach house at Malibu, too. Rock and Phyllis are both being very quiet and discreet about their divorce.

BABY TALK—Cindy Calhoun, now 16 months old, will have a brother or sister soon. Rory and Lita hope it will be a boy.

LANDLADY—Connie Stevens, that 19-year-old doll opposite Jerry Lewis in "Rockabye Baby," is a "hot property" right now. Warner Bros. bought her contract from Paramount, then her old studio "borrowed" her back for "The Party Crashers." She's also recorded for Warner's new disc company. But Connie isn't taking chances, monetarily. She bought a house in the Hollywood Hills and is renting rooms to two other gals! **END**



THE MOST appealing young couple at the Mocambo are James and Lois Garner.



KIRK Douglas and his very attractive wife are seen at one of Hollywood's night spots.

Breakfast With Mrs. Crosby

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"You know what I have in mind!"

"Well, you're not going to get it!" Plainly she was delighted. "What you can have is breakfast."

"Just orange juice, please."

"Have something more. You're too skinny anyway."

"Thanks, no. Kathy—"

"It's Kathryn now. There's another Kathy Crosby, you know. Prior rights. Bob Crosby's daughter."

"Kathryn. Kathryn, privacy or no privacy, you can't ignore the fact you're married to Bing Crosby. Because word has got around."

"I'm not denying anything. But I'm not talking either. My husband and I have promised each other our married life will be our own. We don't agree we're public institutions."

Kathryn Grant Crosby is highly articulate and entirely poised. She is a young woman of great and simple dignity. You hate to crowd her, and even if you wanted to, she wouldn't let you. Sometimes her conversation is devious. Pressed to the ropes once, many months before the event, on whether or not she was in fact secretly married to her celebrated suitor, she said: "Well, I date other men. You don't think Bing would be encouraging that, do you?"

In some degree, however, the courtship and marriage of Kathryn and Bing is a matter of record and in some degree it is otherwise known. It begins, as these things will, with the little girl who was the youngest of three children of Mr. and Mrs. Emery Grandstaff, mainly of West Columbia. There were not many more than 2,000 persons in West Columbia and Kathryn became a dreamer of dreams. Between times, she spent summers in nearby—as Texas distances go—Robstown with a beloved aunt and uncle. Mentally, she became in short course, a child prodigy whom teams of researchers followed about with tongues lolling. She skipped grades twice and decided secretly she wanted to be a movie star. Growing up, Kathryn dated in the normal fashion and became so strikingly beautiful that she began to win beauty contests even before entering the University of Texas. There she won them in skeins. She came to Hollywood with her father on a wave of interest expressed by scouts back in Texas and shortly was employed by Paramount, though not in any notable roles. But she did, in her capacity as a weekly columnist for a string of Texas papers, meet Bing Crosby—who scoffed at the idea she was a columnist. "You're too pretty," he said, with a tactlessness granted only the established.

They saw each other around the Paramount lot in the weeks that followed but it wasn't until the Christmas season

of 1954 that Crosby, conceivably haunted till then by the disparity in their ages, made the gesture of a formal date. But he did it in the courtly fashion, calling first the uncle and aunt with whom Kathryn was living in California, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rasbury. "This," he said in total truth, "is Bing Crosby." "I greet you," said Uncle Walter. "Harry Truman on this end." They got that straightened out but not the circumstances that Kathryn already had returned to Texas for the holidays.

In early 1955, though, they got going. Kathryn even remembers that it was the evening of January 24 that Bing took her to Chasen's. "We had cracked crab and a filet and he was charming." The dates increased in frequency and they took to writing one another. Then in the spring of that year, Bing escorted her to the Academy Awards, while hackles on photographers' necks began to rise. Lots of things were rough, especially the age differential, but to their credit was a mutual love of sports, the outdoor life.

And it was at or about this time Kathryn completed, by instruction, her conversion to Catholicism—a conversion that had begun before she became serious about Bing Crosby. Let her tell it:

"It was a Christmas season and I was in France with a USO troupe. On Christmas Eve, a few of us drove from Orleans to Paris. We attended services in a church that was strange to me then and never will be again. It was a case of—oh, tremendous beauty and emotion, one of those instant and complete recognitions. There was never a doubt or a moment's hesitation."

THE late summer of 1956 looked very fine for Kathryn Grant and Bing Crosby, and so particularly did the month of September, when they and a party gathered at one of his four homes, the one in Hayden Lake, Idaho, and Bing reportedly asked a priest for his baptismal certificate. Kathryn was said to have bought a wedding dress but Bing would say only he "hoped" she would have a chance to wear it. Nothing came of Hayden Lake. The guests dispersed and the two principals trickled back to Hollywood and went their separate ways.

"I was not happy," Kathryn says today of that interlude. "I refused to do a television show for which I was scheduled. I should have been suspended. I don't want to say anything more, now or ever."

The late Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures, and a kind man in so many respects, came to her rescue in the time that followed. He saw to it that she worked her derriere off. It was a therapeutic experience. She threw herself into other activities, and she dated some and may have had one semi-serious romance.



WITH Jack Lemmon, Mrs. Crosby makes career talk. Kathy's in "Gunman's Walk."

Then in the Fall of 1957, Bing Crosby knew once and for all that "I could not be happy without her." They were married in Las Vegas last October 23, everyone looking happy indeed, and flew right to Palm Springs.

"It was like going home," said Kathryn. She threw herself into the cooking bit, confining her spouse strictly to hamburgers for a while but branching out as time went on. She began to learn golf and did fairly well at tennis under the tutelage of famed Nancy Chaffee Kiner. What Bing wanted, she wanted.

That is said to include a baby girl, although "boy or girl, how could we be any happier!"

For anyone who knew her reasonably well during the year without Crosby, it is actually hard to say that Kathryn Crosby has changed. Obviously she is happy, but she always seemed happy. The woman, like the child, is a good pliker. There are persons who do not trust her inevitably responsive gayety and so do not trust Kathryn. Some women in particular are sure on sight that she is ruthless and calculating.

Few individuals on earth, for example, can be said at all times to give the other person their undivided attention, yet Kathryn Grant would appear always to do so. Not only does she seem to, she *does*. She knows exactly what you have been saying and replies without hesitation. The reply may not be direct but it is honest within its self-ascribed limits. One expects torment or even unhappiness to be occasionally abstracted and non-attentive. But this may be a special gift of hers. It surely is linked with her absorption in so many diverse activities, and her constant wish to help others. Furthermore, her kindness, her womanliness, is ingrained. To a once-cadaverous reporter, for instance, she gave at one time the most extensive interview of her life. Next time he showed up, he had filled out. "Not again!" she roared, only half-kidding. "You're not starving any more. Now you can settle for 'How-do-you-do' and be on your way!" Mr. Crosby is really a very lucky man.

END

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The Ordeal Of Tab Hunter

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at many horse shows with him during his studio inactivity, got a closeup glimpse of how Tab's career anxieties were affecting him. She and Tab do not live far from one another on the Hollywood side of Laurel Canyon, and over the canyon to the north, in Burbank, is sprawled the Warner Bros. Studios where both are under contract. She hauled out a geographical yardstick to measure his state of mind.

"We live two lives," she put it. "We always say when we go over Laurel Canyon we are different people. On the north side, at the studio, everything is so strained and phony. We're just different people when we get home. Sometimes we bring some of the Hollywood pressures over the hill with us. On the south side of Laurel Canyon, he's very relaxed. He's under a great deal of stress. He hasn't worked in more than a year, you know. He's worked only six months out of 36. He's recorded an album and the studio won't let him release it. Tab gets blue very easily, but he is quite sure that it will all come out in the wash."

The causes of Tab's unrest were not secrets known only to Venetia, his agent Dick Clayton, and the studio. Tab had made no exertions to conceal the fact that he felt he was suffering a twentieth century refinement of peonage. He had a list of grievances as long as his arm. The impounding of his record album was only one of them.

HE was distressed because many of the pictures he had made he felt were namby-pamby. He was unhappy over his suspension for his refusal to do "Darby's Rangers." He was unhappy at his studio's refusal to buy "The Jim Piersall Story" as a starring vehicle for him after his performance in the play on television brought him critical kudos. Ultimately, Paramount bought the story for Tony Perkins, and Tab used to haunt the Paramount lot watching Tony, who is a good friend, do the part he had wanted so badly. He was unhappy about studio refusal to permit him to do loan-outs, particularly for "Cowboy," where he was wanted for the role that Jack Lemmon eventually did co-starring with Glenn Ford. He was unhappy about studio arranged publicity dates. He was up in arms at being commandeered for a public appearance tour to beat the drums for "The Spirit Of St. Louis," a picture in which he did not even appear.

In fact, it was during this tour that his resentment flowered into full revolt. During the Albany stopover on the 24-city itinerary, Tab didn't confine himself to plugging "The Spirit Of St. Louis." From the stage of an Albany theatre, and in radio, television

and newspaper interviews, Tab startled his audiences by mounting his own soapbox and appealing to the public to deluge studio boss Jack L. Warner with personal demands that his captive record album be liberated.

His appeal, calculated to make his studio more sympathetic to his desires, proved ineffectual. The studio suffered his insurrection in indulgent, if not forgiving, paternal silence. The album continued to gather dust, and Tab continued to grit his teeth.

Although the studio declined to engage in public debate, it was conceded in the trade that it was upholding a traditional management position. It was exercising its right to invoke contractual controls on a recalcitrant employee. The studio attitude was that Tab had violated the terms of the pact he had signed without a pistol in his back, and with the representation of a better than competent agent. It was pointed out that his contract clearly gave Warners control of any recordings he might make, but that he recorded "Young Love" without getting studio consent.

Pro-studio spokesmen cited as an instance of corporate magnanimity the decision not to stand in the way of the release of "Young Love." However, they wanted it known that this generosity did not constitute a waiver of rights. When Tab was warned against recording his album without a studio okay, he bristled angrily:

"I'm going to do it anyway. Let them try and stop me."

They did. The studio invoked its contractual prerogatives and impounded the album. Whether, as reported in some circles, the act was a veiled reprisal for Tab's refusal to do "Darby's Rangers" remained a matter of speculation.



ON TOP of the world with good reason, a triumphant Tab works hard to stay there.

But Tab's smoldering resentment was exceeded only by his determination to prove his worth as a performer. He didn't waste all his footwork on a treadmill. Although he had the conviction, as he had stated to Venetia, that it all comes out in the wash, he had no intention of permitting himself to be washed up or washed out.

He didn't use up all his idle time in fretting and back talk. He worked tirelessly to equip himself better for his trade. He attended classes three nights a week from 8 p.m. until 1 a.m. He followed that up with private lessons from former actor Jeff Corey, who is now a drama coach, and from erstwhile studio drama coach Joe Graham. He supplemented this with homework, breaking down plays in his apartment, working with a tape recorder to perfect his acting technique.

Simultaneously, Tab plunged into singing lessons, doggedly determined to prove that his voice was not fiction created by the wizardry of recording engineers with scissors and paste. He was thirsting for vindication, and vindication was on the way.

HE confounded his critics by appearing as a singing guest star on top TV Variety shows, by starring in the title role of "Hans Brinker And The Silver Skates" on the Hallmark Theatre, and finally by singing on the stage of the Pantages Theatre at Hollywood's annual Academy Awards presentation.

His detractors were no less flabbergasted by his dramatic appearances on television. He followed up his sensitive performance in "The Jim Piersall Story" with other work that revealed unsuspected dimension as an actor. With sheer will power and talent, he began to push back the tide of oblivion that threatened to engulf him. And understandably, he was grateful to television for affording him the opportunity to prove himself.

"It isn't motion pictures that have given me great parts," he commented with no noticeable softening in his attitude, "it is television. I've got to keep looking forward. I've got to develop every day of my life. In TV, they seem to have more imagination about casting. But I've been allowed to do only two TV shows (the other was "Forbidden Area" in which Tab gave a bangup performance as a spy). I want pictures with substance. The best part I've had was in 'Lafayette Escadrille.' It was on a higher level, a step up."

Tab furnished fresh proof of the ancient Hollywood maxim that nothing succeeds like success. As his agent, Dick Clayton, points out, the main reason the masters of TV were willing to take a chance on Tab was that as a teenage idol they felt he would be a hot television drawing card, and their hunch ultimately was proved correct indeed.

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THE ORDEAL OF TAB HUNTER

continued

"The ratings of the shows he's been on have been fabulous," Clayton says. "When he did 'Hans Brinker,' Hallmark Hall of Fame had the highest rating it ever had. It ran during the first half hour of 'Maverick,' and it was the first show able to beat the first half hour of the popular 'Maverick.'"

At any rate, there developed a subtle change in Hollywood's attitude toward Tab. His popularity and talent on television could not be ignored. Instead of pursuing a vindictive course his studio permitted him to do "Gunman's Walk" on loanout to Columbia, and gave him the green light for his widely applauded tour de force as Donald Bashear in "Portrait Of A Murderer" on Playhouse 90.

Clayton smilingly denies a report that Tab has been signed for three more pictures at Columbia.

"That's impossible," he insists. "He's still under contract to Warners. They'd (Columbia) like him for ten pictures, or twenty."

Meantime, Tab's crowning vindication was served up when he made the prodigal's return to his home studio to star in the hit Broadway musical, "Damn Yankees," which Warners bought for him as a kiss-and-makeup offering, and as a remarkable demonstration of their faith in him as a money-maker.

"They thought they'd better get in on the act," Clayton explains it simply, "and buy a property they could star him in. Tab has always been strong at the box-office. All his pictures with Natalie Wood were great at the box-office."

Cameras began to roll on "Damn Yankees" to the accompaniment of insistent rumors that Tab's term contract with Warner Bros. was being renegotiated—and if there was any substance to these reports it was obvious that any changes in Tab's pact would not only up his pay, but remedy some of the other grievances that have hackled him.

But although Tab will do his own singing as the star of "Damn Yankee," one battle, ironically, will be settled only in terms of capitulation. Where once Tab fought to liberate his Dot record album, he is now content to have it forever suppressed.

"He's been studying singing three hours a week with Dean Campbell," Clayton reveals, "and he's studying with Keith Davis, who has trained a lot of New York stars and Broadway musical comedy people."

As for the album, Clayton now avers that Tab never actually completed it.

"As a matter of fact," Clayton says, "he sings so much better now, he wouldn't even want those records out. You have to remember, he did them more than a year ago."

While he makes no victory claims—they scarcely seem necessary—Clayton, sitting behind his busy desk at Famous Artist Agency, firmly serves notice that the days of his handsome, headstrong client sounding off against his studio are over. Where once a cold war waxed hot and intense, there are now the gurgling sounds of a love feast.

"Tab is young and foolish," Clayton dismisses Tab's stinging verbal fusillades against the Burbank film factory. "We don't intend to reopen that can of beans. We want to close the can, and let it stay as it is. Tab is under contract to Warners, and you're loyal to your bosses. We're not having Tab talk about his unhappiness with Warners anymore. Paul Newman doesn't do it. Tab isn't going to do it anymore."

The significant thing, the measure of Tab's triumph against seemingly insurmountable obstacles, is that with things going the way they are, Tab isn't apt to feel the need to do it anymore.

Once, in his darkest hours, there were insidious rumblings that Tab Hunter was washed up. Today—because his back talk was exceeded only by his backbone—that refrain is deadlier than his outlawed and now completely outmoded album of Dot records. **END**



THE FISHERS find that with two kids their moments of relaxation seem rarer.

Q. Do you feel it's wise to take the children along on trips?

A. No, they are too young to travel. They don't know where they are, they don't care, and they won't remember. Besides, I don't think it's fair to them to interrupt their routines, to put them to bed in strange rooms, give them food they are not used to. We learned our lesson by taking Carrie Frances to Miami last spring, when Eddie appeared at the Chesterfield convention. All day long people dropped in on us, and since we didn't take a nurse along and I looked after Carrie myself, she became more and more frightened and confused.

Q. Have you made any plans for your children's future yet?

A. I've been too busy with formulas! But seriously that's too far away. However, both Eddie and I went to public school and I think our children will do the same. And if they want to get into show business, I certainly wouldn't force them into attending college first, because what good would it do them in our type of work? But at this stage one can't tell how they'll develop. I'll start thinking about it in ten years. . . .

Q. Do you think Eddie works too hard?

A. He does. But he loves it, and when you're in television, it's impossible to slow down. Every show is like doing an "A" picture. If it isn't good, you can get promptly knocked off the air. But I think Eddie has done a wonderful job and apparently the sponsors think so too, or his show wouldn't have been one of the first to be renewed for the fall season.

Q. Do you try to slow him down?

A. I had the phone taken out of our bedroom so he can sleep late. But we have an intercom and if there's an important call, he can be reached. Ordinarily I encourage everyone to leave messages which I give him when he wakes up.

Q. Is Eddie worried about your working too hard?

A. I don't think so.

Q. If you would live your life over again, particularly the last five years, what would you do differently?

A. Nothing!

END

Debbie Takes The Stand!

continued from page 17

A. I've learned never to plan more than two months ahead!

Q. Are you on a special kind of diet that enables you to keep your trim figure?

A. I don't have any diet. But I dance a couple of hours a day and in the summer I usually swim a few laps around the pool. Believe me, that keeps your weight down. . . .

Q. I understand you don't want any pictures taken of the children. What is the reason for it?

A. It's not true. I have no objections to having pictures taken of Carrie and

Todd. I just don't want it done too early or too often. I don't think it's good for a two month old baby to have flash bulbs going off in front of his face. But I don't object to having pictures taken, let's say, two or three times a year.

Q. Are you making any more records?

A. My last one was "This Happy Feeling" with "Hillside In Scotland" on the other side, for Coral Records. Sure I hope to make more, whenever I can find good songs. . . .

Q. Do you have any travel plans?

A. Well, we'd like to go to Brussels.



Fed up with "all the pawin' and puckerin',"
Elvis Presley says, "The Army's a relief!"

"I've been runnin' hard and fast these last few years," says Pvt. Elvis Presley. "Honestly, I was gettin' plumb tired of all the pawin' and puckerin', the police escorts, the loneliness of stayin' holed up in hotel rooms. For me, all that will be over for a while and I really look forward to Army service."

Read Elvis Presley's outspoken reactions to the breather Army life affords him, in **SILVER SCREEN** magazine. You'll understand why the rock 'n' roll idol is weary of the clothes-tearing, the mobs, the complete absence of privacy, and the impossibility of ever taking a girl out dancing without being engulfed by his fans.

Don't miss this frank article about the celebrated GI, in the current issue of **SILVER SCREEN** magazine.



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"I Wanna Get Married!"

continued from page 21

corny though it sounds, there is truth in the trite saying: 'Time heals everything.' To a certain extent it does.

"Never since have I loved anyone the way I loved Mary Ann. Ever since I've been looking for a girl like her—but who can take the place of a girl who was your childhood sweetheart, an integral part of your life for ten years?"

Can any girl in Hollywood take the place of the ghost of his past love?

Five years ago, Hugh thought he was in love again, this time with a stunning divorcee. They went together for more than a year, then discovered that what they had mistaken for the possible dawning of love was more of an infatuation than the real thing.

BUT as anxious as he is to settle down as a husband. Hugh will wait until the right girl comes along.

"I want a good companion," he says. "All this stuff about eyes of blue and five feet two doesn't mean anything to me."

"My mother and dad enjoyed 33 years of a blissful marriage. Then, while I was visiting them, she died in her sleep. I was heartbroken. So, of course, was my dad. She was his whole world. And even though I'd been away from home those past few years, I was inconsolable."

"But my mother's example taught me what qualities to look for in a wife."

"She was like the woman described in the Bible:

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. The health of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

"My mother made my father happy; she gave me a wonderful life. I'd want to marry a girl who could be the same kind of wife and mother my mother was."

"I want to offer the same kind of life to my kids that my parents gave to me. I'm right for marriage. I want it. That doesn't mean that I'm going to say, 'This month I'm going to find a wife.' Marriage will happen when the right girl comes along and decides I'm the right man."

"I'm prepared for marriage now. I'm now able to offer something to a wife. Not just security—I have it now, and I have a reasonably secure future now that my struggles appear to be over."

"But besides security, I think I can offer certain ideals to marriage—thanks to the wonderful way of life I saw between my own parents."

"Marriage counselors say that the happiest marriages are often between partners whose parents have been happy together. Until the day my mother died, my father used to kiss her openly. They would hold hands. They called each other 'dear' and 'darling.' My mother

lived for my father, and he for her. I saw around me the wonderful companionship and emotional security of a good marriage. That's what I'm ready to give."

"Now I'm looking for a woman to marry. Not a girl."

"There are lots of girls around. They're fun to be with, to date, to buy dinner for, to take a drive with. But none of them is the woman I want to marry. I want a woman with the ability to be a companion—a woman whose attraction is not just outer beauty, but an essential womanliness that would make her a wife and a mother. I want a woman with a good mind—a woman with the same beliefs I have. I happen to believe in the Bible. My beliefs are summed up in the Ten Commandments and in the Sermon On The Mount. The woman I marry would have to have the same inner beliefs I do."

As a bachelor, Hugh lives comfortably because he's not the helpless type. He can take care of himself. He lives in a charming duplex apartment, but is looking for a house.

Twice a week a maid comes in to clean the place. However, he makes his own bed and is a good cook. Sometimes he has girl friends over for dinner. Then, instead of asking them to do the cooking, he does it. He is not restricted just to steak and potatoes, but has cooked some really elaborate dishes, like crepes suzettes, for instance.

For the present, he dates the field. Among his girl friends is a stunning society girl from San Antonio, Texas, whom he met while on a fishing trip to Acapulco, Joan Tabor, a beautiful, long-legged young actress, and Nancy Sinatra.

FRIENDS think that Nancy may be the girl to take the place of Mary Ann. She has the same warmth, the stability, and Hugh feels a sense of belonging with her that he never had for any girl since his childhood sweetheart.

Will he and Nancy marry?

"Who knows?" smiled Hugh. "We haven't gotten to that point yet. I think she's the most wonderful woman I've ever known—and she's what I would call a womanly woman."

But there are many barriers. One of them might be Nancy's religion. She is a Catholic. Even though she agreed to divorce Frank when he fell in love with Ava, it was most reluctantly that she did so. In the eyes of her church, which does not recognize divorce, she is still married to him.

Besides, as Nancy confided to a friend, "I think Hugh is wonderful. But how could I ever consider marriage? I'm older than he is."

Hugh doesn't consider that an obstacle. "She's a young, vibrant, handsome woman," he says of Nancy. "I enjoy being



ONE lady that the eligible Hugh O'Brian showers his attentions on is Joan Tabor.

with her more than with any other girl."

Nancy's maturity and womanliness attract Hugh. "I always have a great time with her," he says. "We enjoy each other's company. We like the same things. We enjoy going to the homes of friends, we love music, and we enjoy just sitting in her home and talking and relaxing. We have loads of mutual friends." (Both Nancy and Hugh travel in Hollywood's upper social circles.)

"Nancy is a wonderful sport," continued Hugh. "If I want to go fishing, she'll go right along with me on that, even when we have already made plans to go to a party."

Because of her maturity and wisdom, Nancy has a depth and understanding that few of the young beauties Hugh has dated can match. She's never anxious to go out on a date merely for the excitement of it, but values companionship above all else.

One evening when she and Hugh were supposed to go to a cocktail party, he arrived very tired. She was all dressed up and so was Hugh when he called at her magnificent Bel-Air home, where she lives with her three children.

Although she was all prepared to go to the party, Nancy noticed lines of fatigue on Hugh's face. He flopped on her quilted flowered sofa and said, "I sure had a hard day today. I had to rush to get home and dress for the party."

Nancy looked at him thoughtfully, then said, "We're not going to this party. It's ridiculous. I don't need it, and you're certainly too tired to go. Why don't we stay right here and relax? The party might be stuffy anyway."

Hugh was so relieved, he didn't even argue with her.

"Let me whip up something for you," Nancy went on. She disappeared into the kitchen—then came out in a jiffy with a dish of hot spaghetti and meat sauce, salad, coffee and cake, prettily arranged on a tray. She set it up on the coffee table before Hugh and he had his

dinner right there in Nancy's living room.

"It was a wonderful evening," he says.

They have had many wonderful evenings together, including the recent big black tie party thrown by Bob Mitchum for his favorite pals in Hollywood. It was an occasion when any beautiful girl would have been honored at having been chosen by Hugh. Nancy looked serenely beautiful that evening.

Hugh sees Nancy more often than any other girl. But he will not admit that he has proposed. Will he some day? Perhaps. Possibly, Nancy, fearing that such a marriage would never work out, adroitly maneuvers him into a position where he simply doesn't ever have an opportunity to ask her The Question.

FOR some time to come, it looks as if the most eligible bachelor in Hollywood will remain a bachelor. On the one hand, no matter how much he is attracted to any woman, he always asks himself: Will she be the kind of wife my mother was? There are very few women who can meet that test.

On the other hand, Nancy—possibly the only woman he knows who would make the kind of loyal wife and mother his mother made—has never intimated that she would consider marrying again. No one really knows whether or not she considers herself still married to Frank Sinatra in the eyes of her church and of God. It might cause a terrible wrench to her religious affiliations if she were to marry again.

In every respect—save for his big unsolved problem, "Who is the right woman for me?"—Hugh's life is really almost ideal.

He's in the work he loves. Having worked as a landscape gardener and a door-to-door salesman while he was learning to act in little theatre productions, he now appreciates and savors the security of the present when he can choose the roles he really wants.

"I've been stage-struck ever since I started to work with a little theatre company," he told me. "The profession of acting has nearly everything to it I need and like. It's competitive. I like that. Goals are difficult to reach. That makes it challenging."

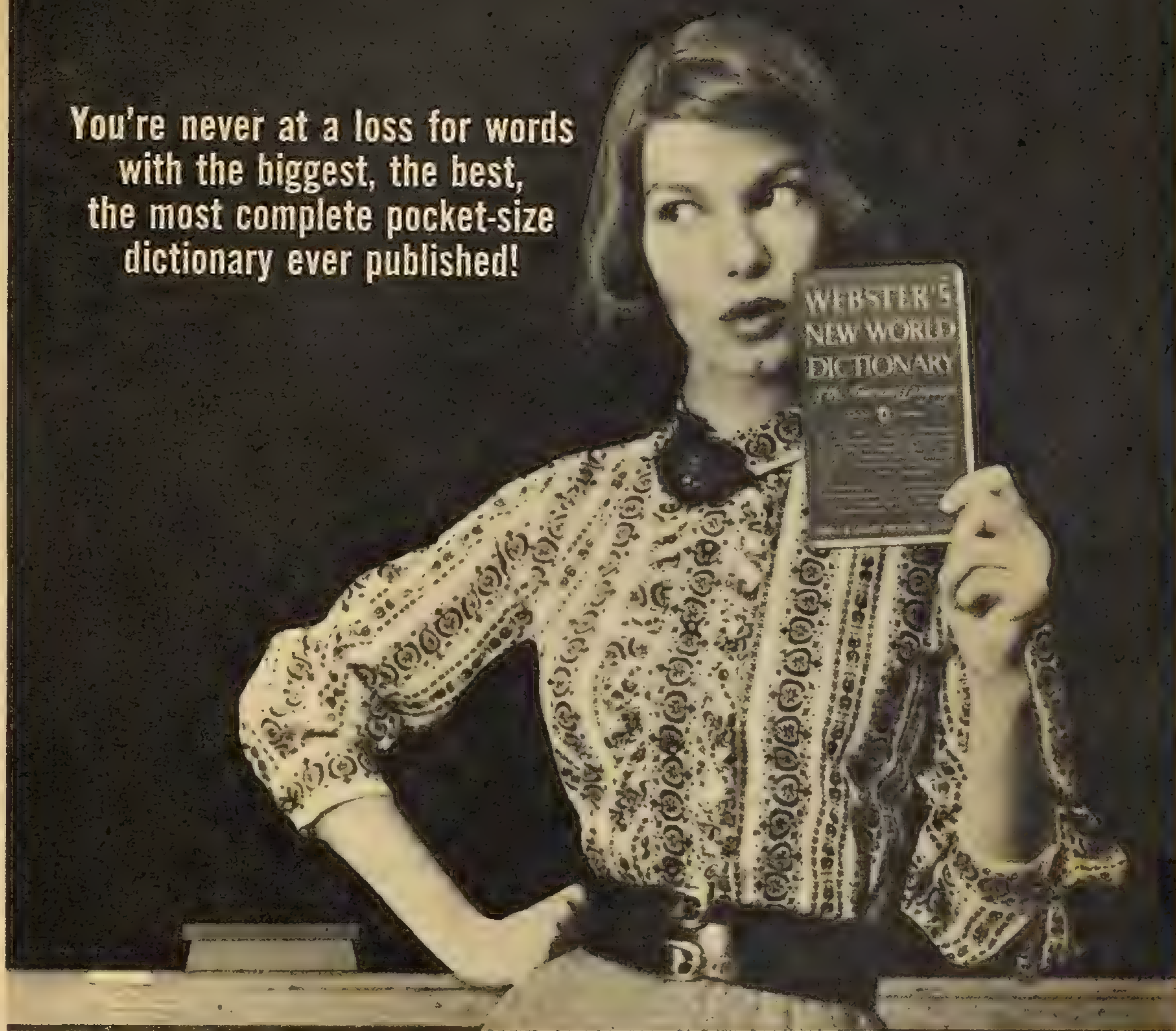
Hugh's career in the movies was not sensational until the day he became Wyatt Earp on TV. Stuart Lake, creator of the series and once a friend of the real Earp, helped select Hugh. It's an amazing likeness," he remarked when he met Hugh.

Since then Hugh's career has plumeted to amazing heights. While he is most famous for his portrayal of Wyatt Earp, he's going great guns in the movies, too. Currently he's starring in "Quick Draw At Fort Smith," for 20th Century.

Give the average man enough rope and he'll hang himself, the saying goes. But if you give Hugh enough rope, he'll use it to lasso himself a wife.

END

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68



Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY, NBC-TV star

IN THE Capitol album, "St. Louis Blues," Nat "King" Cole captures the spirit that made W. C. Handy's works more than just standard blues fare. The backgrounds may be a little too lush for some blues purists but Nat is all. The backgrounds could just as well have been done with a harmonica or a kazoo. . . . Errol Garner's eloquent piano never spoke more clearly than in his latest Columbia album, "Soliloquy." The Garner technique clings to no particular school; it's all Errol, which is strictly post-graduate, anyhow. . . . Peggy Lee is considered in her element when she's singing the blues, lamenting a lost love, etc. As her new Capitol album, "Jump For Joy" proves, Peggy can sing—and swing—anything. . . . "Stormy Weather," "That Old Black Magic," "Over The Rainbow," "Let's Fall In Love," "Get Happy"—those are just a few of the tunes from the pen of Harold Arlen, a great composer who has had a minimum of publicity over the years. John Towner Williams' Bethlehem album, "World On A String," features Mr. Williams arranging, conducting and playing the piano through a dozen Arlen standards. The arrangements are crisp and original; the solos are outstanding.

Hardly anyone laughs when Bruce Prince-Joseph sits down at his harpsichord since out of it comes everything from superb classical interpretations to real rockin' jazz as displayed in the Camden album, "Anything Goes." A hot harpsichord is not a common commodity in the musical market place but we'll buy Prince-Joseph's brand anytime. . . . To coin a jazz cliché, the four-record Verve album, "Ella Fitzgerald Sings The Duke Ellington Songbook," is the very end, man. In almost 40 numbers covering the Duke's fabulous career, Ella Fitzgerald does the definitive job on Mr. Ellington and his accomplishments. The near-twenty dollar price tag on the

de luxe version shouldn't scare away anyone who's really interested in music that's the most. . . . Once more, The Jazz Pickers, just about our favorite note-worthies, have come up with a two-sided treat titled, "Command Performance," and featuring Red Norvo, flame-bearded master of the vibraharp. The EmArcy album is filled with beautiful sounds, a large number of them stemming from the smooth cello of leader-man Harry Babasin.

M-G-M Records has blanketed the movie "Gigi" with a three-disk parlay. Record No. 1 is the sound track recording with Leslie Caron, Louis Jourdan, Maurice Chevalier and Hermione Gingold. Record No. 2 is a lush instrumental treatment of the score by David Rose and his orchestra. Record No. 3 is a jazz version by the Dick Hyman Trio. We're not picking a best bet, as any, or all, of them are worthwhile additions to a record library. . . . In her latest album for Columbia, Jill Corey plays a two-faced woman. That's not as bad as it sounds. One side of the LP is labeled "Sometimes I'm Happy" and has Jill singing carefree and upbeat. On the reverse side titled, "Sometimes I'm Blue" (naturally), Miss Corey, at a slower tempo, takes up the torch. . . . The Australian Jazz Quintet is neither entirely Australian nor, in a number of instances, a quintet. But it is always Jazz with a capital "J". In its Bethlehem album, "The AJQ Plays Rodgers And Hammerstein," the quintet shows a deft appreciation of the ageless art of the messrs. R & H. . . . The name Bessie Smith is spoken with awe whenever great blues singers are mentioned. It is almost uncontested that she was "Queen Of The Blues Shouters." Dinah Washington in her EmArcy album, "Dinah Sings Bessie Smith," has captured the free-wheeling, gully-low feeling that was Bessie's trademark.

END

In Search Of Prince Charming

continued from page 37

"Let's face it," she grinned, "I'm a single girl so I offer easy material for the columnists. Endless stories can be written about 'Can Kim Find The Right Someone?' Some of the things sound so forlorn and so sad that they make me wonder if life has passed me by, if I'll suffer tragically alone in my old days because I couldn't find a happy marriage. Fortunately, I don't have that outlook. I'm downright optimistic.

"I'm happy with my life. Maybe I'm looking for a Prince Charming—I don't know. But if so I can't help it. I don't like substitutes."

Which brings up the subject of Mac Krim with whom Kim has been linked ever since she became a Hollywood figure. It also brings up Rafael Trujillo. There was a time when she might have married Mac but things didn't work out. There was never a time when she would have married Trujillo. She has been rumored engaged to Mac, breaking off with him, going back with him, so when Kim was asked for the lowdown about the situation, she wasn't coy.

"I loved Mac—and still do," Kim said honestly, "and he feels the same way, but we're not in love and there is a great difference. We couldn't take any serious steps a few years ago because of complications—mainly my career. We are still close but it is one thing to love someone as a companion and another to live with someone the rest of your life.

"I don't date very much now—maybe on the week-end and occasionally during the week. This is when I'm not working. I usually go out to dinner—seldom to dance. When I'm on a picture such as 'Bell, Book, And Candle,' I'm too tired on Friday to dance and on Saturday there are too many people so that takes care of the dancing bit.

"My ideas about the right kind of man haven't changed any. I have never set-up any rules which say that a man for me must be this, that, and the other because I could very easily meet someone who would be entirely opposite from any 'ideal' I might cherish. But I do go a lot by honesty. I'm basically an honest person—sometimes too much so. On a few occasions I've been on a date with a man and have opened my mouth—too wide and too firmly about what I think. Not all of such comments have been received with unbridled enthusiasm. But I still think it's better to say what I feel. At least I know what kind of man he is and where I stand. And it's better to find that out early than to discover it after you get married. I'd rather say what I think and then see if the man can put up with me.

"Frankly, I'm ready for marriage—right now. It's right for me. I wasn't ready before, but now I feel I have the

time to give to it that is necessary. And I'm emotionally able to give marriage what it demands. I'm naturally going to be cautious—I hope—but I'm not afraid of marriage. I'm not at all bothered about the effect it would have on my career. If I were happily married, my career would have to take a back seat."

Kim was gesturing positively as she spoke and she was intense in all she said. Marriage has always meant a good deal to her because she has had a good example as a model. Her mother and father have had a happy life so she knows what a family life can be like. She wants to have one just as good.

Kim lives by herself in a rather modest house—and she has found that living alone has its benefits. She may want marriage now but until it comes she doesn't mind the bachelor girl life a bit.

"I like being alone," Kim said. "I like the privacy after having to be around so many people all of the time. And I like being able to go around in slacks—and being barefooted. Often, I just sit and read or float in the pool—I don't like to swim, but I do like being in the water.

"I really treasure the moments when I'm alone. In my business, you have to refuel by being by yourself."

In her ability to live by herself—happily—and in other ways, Kim has matured in the last couple of years. For one thing, she has more self-confidence.

"Being with people and being accepted by people in this business has given me confidence," she explained quietly. "I feel more certain of myself. I'm not overly-confident. That's a terrible thing to have happen to you. It's like working so hard to climb to the top of the ladder. And when you get to the top you have only one place to go—down.

In my work—or in anything—I can only have confidence when I'm doing what I believe in.

"Of course, I'm no judge of what I do on the screen. I don't like anything I do anyway. I analyze and criticize myself so much it's misery to watch a picture I'm in. She leaned against the couch, laughed, and remarked, "Look at me—now I'm analyzing myself."

Such is Kim as she is now. She will continue to live the independent life for the time being—but with one eye out for the right marriage. And she will continue to be guided by one thing—her own instincts.

She got up to get dressed for a big studio luncheon. It was another "on-stage" deal for the star. Once more she'd be on display. Her parting comment was typically Novak in its lively humor.

"Don't worry about me. I love my life. But I'm still the best knocker-on-wood ever to exist in the business."

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This Is The Missus

continued from page 45

is quite a well-known photographer in Berkeley, California.

"I was 12 when I appeared in Sidney Kingsley's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, 'The Patriots,' and although I got good notices my parents decided to keep me off the stage until I had grown up," Hope told me. "They sent me to the Lodge Professional High School in New York, and during that time I also studied dancing with Martha Graham and became a part-time model."

Afterwards, she attended Reed College in Portland, Oregon, and Barmore Junior College in New York. "It was while at Barmore that I began making TV appearances in small bits, commercials, and even as a dancer," continues Hope. "Jackie Gleason picked me as a dancer for his show, and Hollywood finally beckoned when I appeared on TV in 'Snap Finger Creek' with Jo Van Fleet. I was signed to a long-term, two-a-year contract at 20th Century-Fox."

To Hope Lange, the most important role of an actress is the *responsibility* of being one.

"It's the truth in how you approach a part and carry it through," she says. "Also the ability to avoid the effects of acting and assuming something unreal, and still retain your basic honesty as a person. It's a tempting trap to give performances off-stage as well as on—but if you fall into that, the results can often be very dangerous."

Director Mark Robson agrees. "Hope has the right idea. She already recognizes it isn't easy for a player to know who and what he *really* is. And that it's far too easy after days of 'pretending,' to let some of that creep into your life. That's why, when Hope is good, she doesn't always know it . . . and her acting becomes natural, unplanned and just flows without effort. Then she goes home and becomes Mrs. Murray again."

Despite such a eulogy from an expert, Hope says it isn't always that way. She insists she can be perfectly dreadful, explaining it's usually when she's doing something she doesn't know what she's doing. (Her words.) Then, she thinks all you learn from a really bad performance is not to do that kind of role ever again.

Today she still recalls with a shudder "The True Story Of Jesse James," and how she was positively crushed by everything about that picture. Although she has better perspective today, she wasn't backward in telling anyone who would listen that it was a terrible picture, she was frightful and had probably ruined her career by appearing in it.

"Actually," explains Hope, "I'm told I did some very good work in it, but there were a couple of scenes . . . ! I was directed to play them in a certain way,

and I did, and the results were awful. Towards the end I was supposed to be an older woman, and I was told just to lower my voice to indicate the change in age; but it only sounded as though I had a terrible cold!"

Stern critic of her own work, Hope Lange also believes it's difficult for an actress to evaluate other actresses. Individual performances, she feels, can be magnificent, but the woman player that is consistently cheered is hard to find. Although she likes Mary Martin most of all, for the kind of work she does, Hope finds it much easier to pick actors she admires. Her favorites: Laurence Olivier, Montgomery Clift, her husband, Richard Basehart and Arthur Kennedy.

As a child, Hope Lange had no particular ambitions. She just wanted to be *everything!* Today, she hasn't changed, agrees that she still has no startling ambitions and is perfectly content to be a housewife and mother. The boss in her home is Don, and that suits her to a T. Besides making all the major decisions, Don helps her in her work. Very critical but extremely helpful in her acting, he also tells Hope what scripts to take and what to avoid.

"The only time I ever decided for myself was with 'Point Of No Return,' which they wanted me to do on TV," Hope told me. "Don happened to be in Europe and I had to say yes or no before I could ask his advice. That was a nerve-wracking moment for me! I dithered over it for days, and finally I took the plunge and agreed to do it. When Don got home and read the script, he was tactful, but I could see he was appalled."

"He shook his head and said as gently as he could, 'You don't know what you've undertaken!'"



HOPE Lange and Don Murray find it's helpful to go over scripts with each other.

"But of course, it was too late. I just had to go ahead and do my best. You can imagine how happy I was when Don told me afterwards he was stunned at how successful I was. He was so proud and pleased! He told me it was the best thing in the world that I'd made the decision alone, because he would cer-

tainly have advised me to turn it down! "I'd have said you weren't ready to tackle a difficult role like that," he explained, 'but you've grown and developed much more than I knew. Thank goodness, I *wasn't* here to hold you back!'" That's one remark of Don's Hope will always remember. **END**

He's No Mother's Boy

continued from page 33

me you want to do it *over* again!" Tommy turned to Ted. "If a record is a hit," he explained, "then all the time and money I may have poured into it is more than justified."

Ted knew it was useless to argue with Tommy even though, as his adviser, he knew it was literally pointless to spend still another session on that same song. And so, in New York, Tommy made a third version of "Teen-Age Doll" while recording "Hawaiian Rock" for the flip-side of the record.

A week or two later, Ted and Tommy returned to Hollywood and reported to Ken Nelson's office at Capitol. Ken was unhappy. "I'm going to play two records for you, Tommy," Ken said. "The version of 'Teen-Age Doll' you recorded in New York, and the one we recorded here just before you left. Listen, and then tell me, honestly, which sounds better."

Tommy listened attentively. Both records were played. Then Tommy took a deep breath and said: "You were right. The one we recorded before going to New York is the best. But," he continued, "you do understand that I had to record it again back there just to make sure."

Ken smiled. "I know," he said patiently. "You're a perfectionist, but somewhere along the line you're going to have to stop spending so much money on the making of records."

"If we have a hit," said Tommy, "that's the important thing, not the money."

And of course, "Teen-Age Doll" has become one of Tommy's top-selling records, and still is going strong.

The relationship between Tommy and his mother or Tommy and his personal manager has never been anything like that between Elvis and his parents, or Elvis and "Colonel" Tom Parker. The latter reportedly often tells Elvis: "Be at such and such a place at seven tonight," without explaining why. On the other hand, Ted Wick says: "Tommy and I discuss every project thoroughly. Before we meet, I examine the advantages and disadvantages of a situation, and then, in discussing the project with Tommy, I place everything right on the table. Tommy usually asks what I think is the correct procedure, and I tell him my views. Sometimes he will agree readily

that my thinking makes sense. Other times he will introduce possibilities which never occurred to me. But the main thing is that, at no time, does Tommy make a record, a personal appearance, a movie, or a TV appearance without completely understanding not only what he must do, but why. To do or not to do any project then becomes Tommy's final decision," explains Wick.

Tommy, when he once makes up his mind, becomes definite almost to a point of being stubborn. Once he has thought out a problem completely to his satisfaction, he is at a loss to understand why everyone else in the world doesn't see his point.

Take the purchase of his first shiny red Ford convertible. Mrs. Sands had purposely taken a small apartment for Tommy and herself close to the stores and to transportation. When Tommy announced that he was going to buy a car, Mrs. Sands said: "Now, son, you can't afford to spend three thousand dollars on a new car, and you really don't need one right now. Wait a little while until we see how your career is going to go. Then, later, if we can afford a new car, we'll buy one."

Tommy argued quietly for several days, pointing out that when one has appointments at various studios and offices, one cannot always get there on time by bus. But Mrs. Sands equally quietly argued that by planning one's time, one could get any place by bus.

So Tommy pursued a different approach. "I didn't mention the car anymore, I just bought it . . ."

When Mrs. Sands saw the pleasure Tommy got out of the car, and how much easier both their lives became, she couldn't be angry at him. "I just didn't realize," she said, "that the car would be such a help to Tommy's career because I never really knew how many appointments he had, nor did I realize how far he had to travel each day."

It's quite obvious that one Tommy Sands is a young fellow who believes and acts according to his own convictions. If his pleasant, easy-going, obliging attitude fools others into thinking he can be wound around his mother's little finger, or for that matter, anyone's little finger, they just don't know what they're talking about. **END**



The planets reveal Eddie Fisher's road to success!

Eddie Fisher's birth chart shows signs of great dramatic appeal, charm, and the deep understanding of audiences that has won him fame and fortune throughout his fabulous singing-acting career. As a "Leo" baby (July 23 to August 22), he can count on leadership abilities, respect of people, and most important, a really happy marriage. No wonder this popular entertainer is headed for even more success than ever before!

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Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

nothing on Danny Thomas, who bought a little Spanish building atrocity for \$35,000, and to date has poured more than \$150,000 into doing it over.

Personally, I think Lauren Bacall is better off as a single lady, with two lovely children and the fortune Bogart left her. If she takes my advice, she'll wait before plunging into matrimony again. . . . How to get noticed in Hollywood. Starlet Sandra Giles has her car covered with something pink called Pouf Fur. It looks awful. And Sandra will have to use acting talent to be noticed permanently. . . . Marilyn Monroe's explanation for her general lateness. "I once arrived on time for a cocktail party, and no one was there." Not even the hostess. . . . One of them will have to use a lot of make-up: Bette Davis aged 50, playing Alec Guinness' mother in "The Scapegoat." Alec is 46.

The break-up in the Sammy Davis marriage so soon after they promised to love and obey, etc., seems to confirm the earlier story of a romance with a top movie star. . . . James Garner is finally getting smart, money-wise, that is. Just to appear at a party, in the sweet name of publicity, Jim asked \$1,000. It's about time. He gets comparative peanuts from his contract at Warners.

When 20th boss, Buddy Adler, saw "A Certain Smile," he mused, "That's not a picture, that's painting." . . . Star of the Francoise Sagan story, Christine Carere, has been tussling with the studio because she wants to return home to her bridegroom, and 20th wants her to stay here.

Johnny Mathis, the overnight recording sensation, receives \$50,000 for starring in his life story, from producer Ray Stark. The film is to be shot in Johnny's home town of San Francisco. . . . Talking of money, Robert Mitchum, who doesn't care for the TV medium, has set a price of \$100,000 per show for his services—hoping to frighten off the bids. I'm not sure it will.

Poor Shelley Winters celebrated the first anniversary of her wedding to Anthony Franciosa by kissing his press agent, Eugene Lerner. The while Tony was kissing Ava Gardner for their picture in Rome, "The Naked Maja." . . .

Prediction: That U-I's John Gavin ("A Time To Love And A Time To Die") will be a top movie star. He has looks and brains—two useful commodities for stardom. . . . Strange that Marlon Brando's "Sayonara" only did so-so business in England where they love him. Marlon is entranced with his baby son and seems to have calmed down for the first time in his soul-searching career. . . . Ditto for Bing Crosby, hoping hard the newcomer will be a girl. Bing is after stage hit musical, "The Music Man," in which to star himself on the screen. And isn't it time the Old Groaner gave up giving interviews saying, "I have retired." He never will.

Tony Perkins tells me he will never give up his \$55 a month ground floor back apartment in New York's West 50's. "I'm a New Yorker by birth and inclination." The girl on his arm these evenings—Norma Moore. . . . **END**

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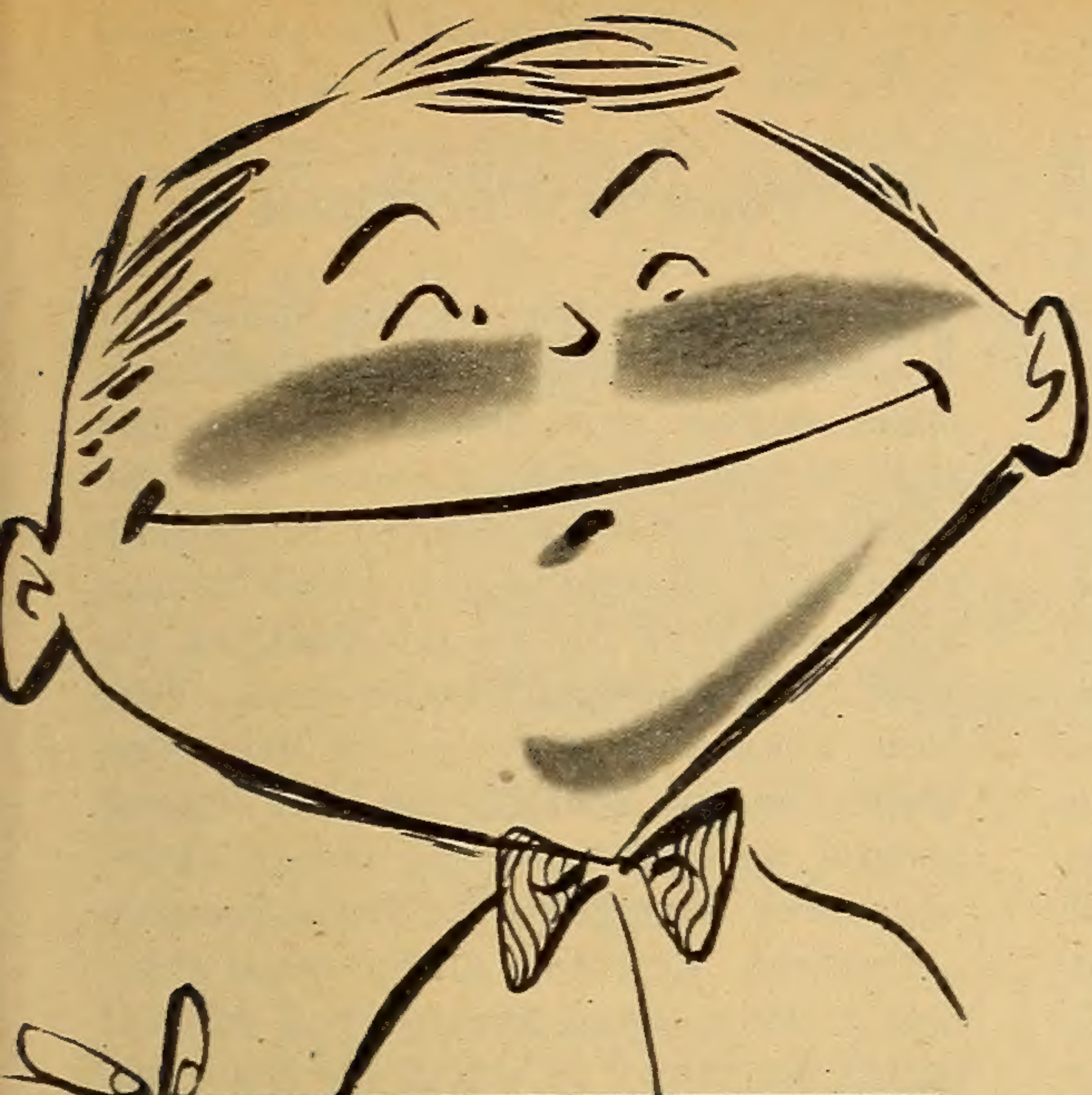
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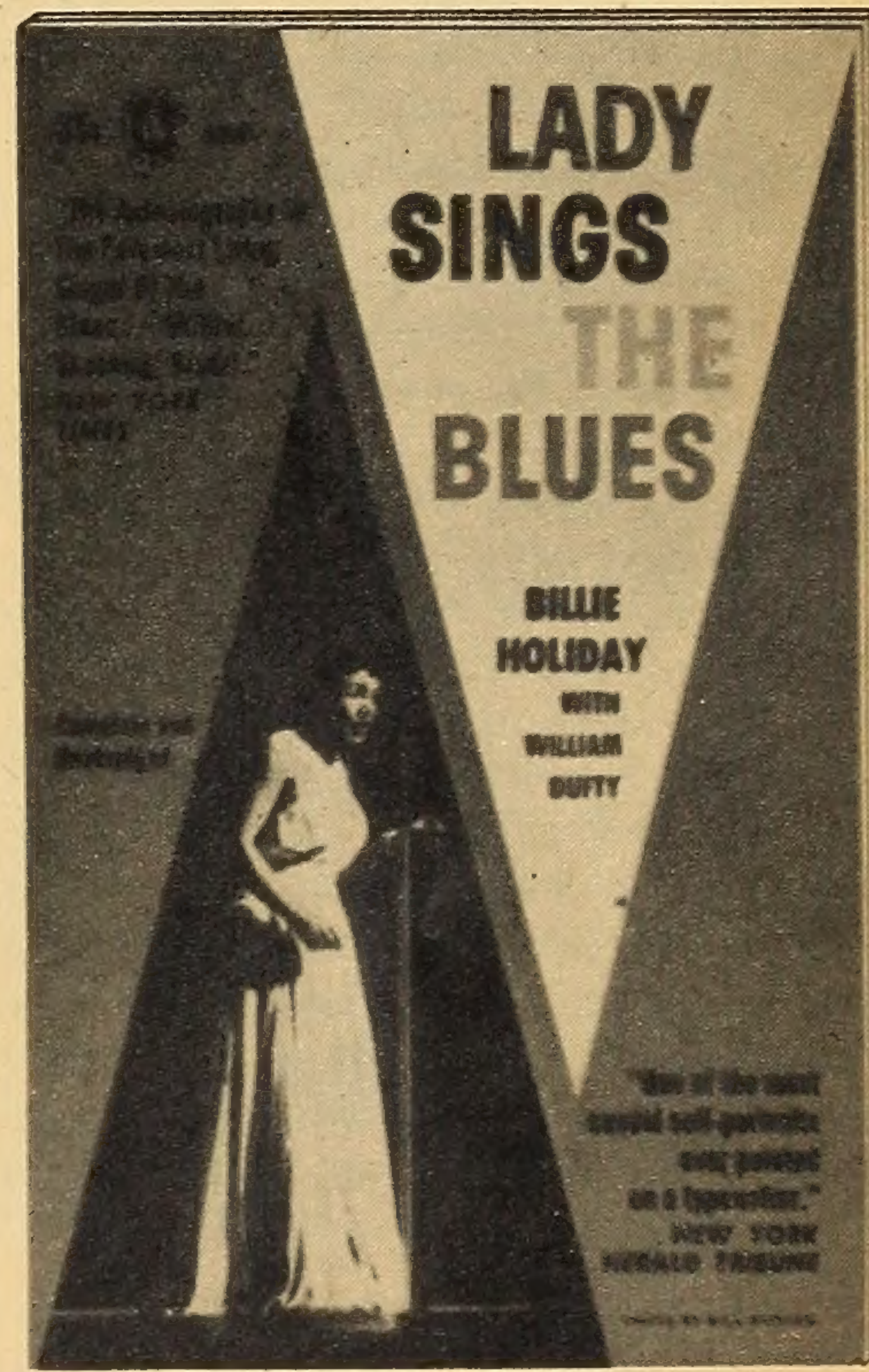
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Coming Attractions

continued from page 10

by the Vikings and raised as a slave. Twenty or more years later, one look and you know this is no ordinary-type slave. It's Tony Curtis—fearless, and defiant. Because there's no way of knowing he's Borgnine's son and Kirk Douglas' half-brother, the family is whittled away bit by bit. And only too late does captive Princess Janet Leigh realize she holds the key to Curtis' destiny. Had this not been so splashed in Technicolor gore, there would have been more entertaining moments. (United Artists.)

Twilight Of The Gods

YOU'VE seen this before, maybe not with Rock Hudson but it sure rings a bell when Rock says to Cyd Charisse, "I have something to tell you." Cyd, facing a prison term asks what? And out pours sea-captain Rock's confession—one night, my fault, ship sunk, many lives lost . . . Cyd, a comparative novice, has only one death to her credit—a male companion of the night. Obviously, these kids deserve each other and where better to parry grimy memories than on a dilapidated sailing ship owned by the unlicensed Rock. Beside Cyd, and an assortment of other passengers, there's a crew headed by first-mate Arthur Kennedy who keeps warning Rock about Cyd. Obviously, if the skipper doesn't get his mind off sex and onto the sextant another ship will be sunk. All during this steamy, tropical cruise, there's little need to send radio signals in moments of crisis. Rock's biceps have never flexed more eloquently—a vast improvement indeed over the Morse code. (U-I.)

King Creole

AN absurd picture about young punks and grown-up gangsters and the problems of one punk in particular. Because dad Dean Jagger never fought back, Elvis Presley thinks he has to make up for it by lurching and brawling around the picturesque New Orleans' French Quarter. And because Pa can't find work, Elvis toils nights in a saloon to support the family. His school work suffers and for the second time he fails to graduate—high school, that is. Beat, he ties in with Vic Morrow's street goons but is rescued from a life of crime when night club owner Paul Stewart hears him sing and hires him. Elvis is a sensation. Then local racketeer Walter Matthau indicates he'll stop at nothing to get Elvis for his own bistro. All in all, this popularity gives Elvis a chance to swivel his hips around 10 songs and meet Carolyn Jones. Unfortunately for their romance, the singing proves more enduring than Carolyn, a fragile thing unable to shake off a bullet in the chest. (Paramount.)

Windjammer

AVAST! Hoist the mizzenmast! Measure the yardarm! And all that sort of sea-worthy jazz. After being aboard this old-fashioned sailing ship with a shipload of sea-cadets you'd swear that instead of blood, your veins are steeped in brine. Perhaps the reason for all the feeling of reality is a new process called Cinemiracle which is big, Big, BIG. Certainly no sea story was ever as extravagant as this Technicolor adventure. There's a smidgin of a plot that seems to point out that certain cadets can circle half the world, visit places like Trinidad and New York and still retain that scrubbed clean-cut look. So really, there's nothing much to take your mind off the relaxing combination of sea and sails. (Louis DeRochement.)

The Parisienne

NO wonder France is in such an appalling state. Who can keep his mind on politics and government affairs when Brigitte Bardot is romping around in skin. It's only the clever French who have a knack for making something out of nothing, like a Bikini bathing suit or the plot to this Technicolor bedroom farce. Not sure diplomat husband Henri Vidal is faithful, Brigitte decides to teach the bounder that two can play at the same game, especially when she's cornered the market on equipment. Brigitte manages to snare a prize in visiting royalty, King Charles Boyer, a willing subject for her experiment in extra-marital escapades. Actually, this isn't as naughty as it might seem. Boyer is a gentle-

man. Brigitte and Vidal are in love, married and perfectly free to nuzzle all they want . . . well, maybe they should have pulled the shades down on several occasions. . . . (United Artists.)

Voice In The Mirror

FOR some obscure reason, no direct mention of Alcoholics Anonymous is made during this almost unbelievable story of how one man, a drunk, was able to form a group dedicated to helping alcoholics. Richard Egan plays a man who reacted to the tragic death of his child by becoming a hopeless lush. Wife Julie London is powerless to help him. Doctor Walter Matthau can only suggest prompt medical treatment before extensive nerve damage to the brain becomes permanent. Rejecting all the usual channels of help, Egan tries to pull himself out of the mire . . . something that's impossible until he learns that often you help yourself most when you help others. A sincere study of the problems of an alcoholic. (Universal-International.)

Badman's Country

READY to keep his promise to fiancée Karin Booth and leave rootin' tootin' Abilene for a quiet ranch in California, law enforcer George Montgomery is sidetracked by a rash of gunfights. Obviously before he leaves, he's got to make sure the town is cleaned-up. And that, podner, is a tall order. Fortunately, George manages to get a message for help through to friends Wyatt Earp (Buster Crabbe) and Bat Masterson (Gregory Walcott). Also on hand is Buffalo Bill. Is there need to say more? Despite the far-fetched solution, it's a good action Western noisy enough to celebrate the 4th of July. (Warner Bros.) **END**

Rebels In Love

continued from page 58

her outrageously funny stories, her forthright opinions on the movie industry and her complete honesty ("I'm a bad liar, can't even do it with a straight face and yet I know that sometimes it's wiser to fib than tell the forthright and unpleasant truth.")

Although Paul Newman didn't win an Oscar last year for "Somebody Up There Likes Me" ("that's the way the soufflé falls") he did snare the "best male actor award" for "Long, Hot Summer" at this year's Cannes Film Festival. "Career jealousy presents a serious problem to actors," said Dr. Paul Popenoe, noted marriage counselor. "Where both husband and wife are film actors, professional jealousy is likely to cut and tear and cause untold pain."

That may be so in many Hollywood marriages but with Joanne's Oscar and Paul's Film Festival award, jealousy isn't likely to rear its ugly head. For both of the partners in this marriage are evenly matched.

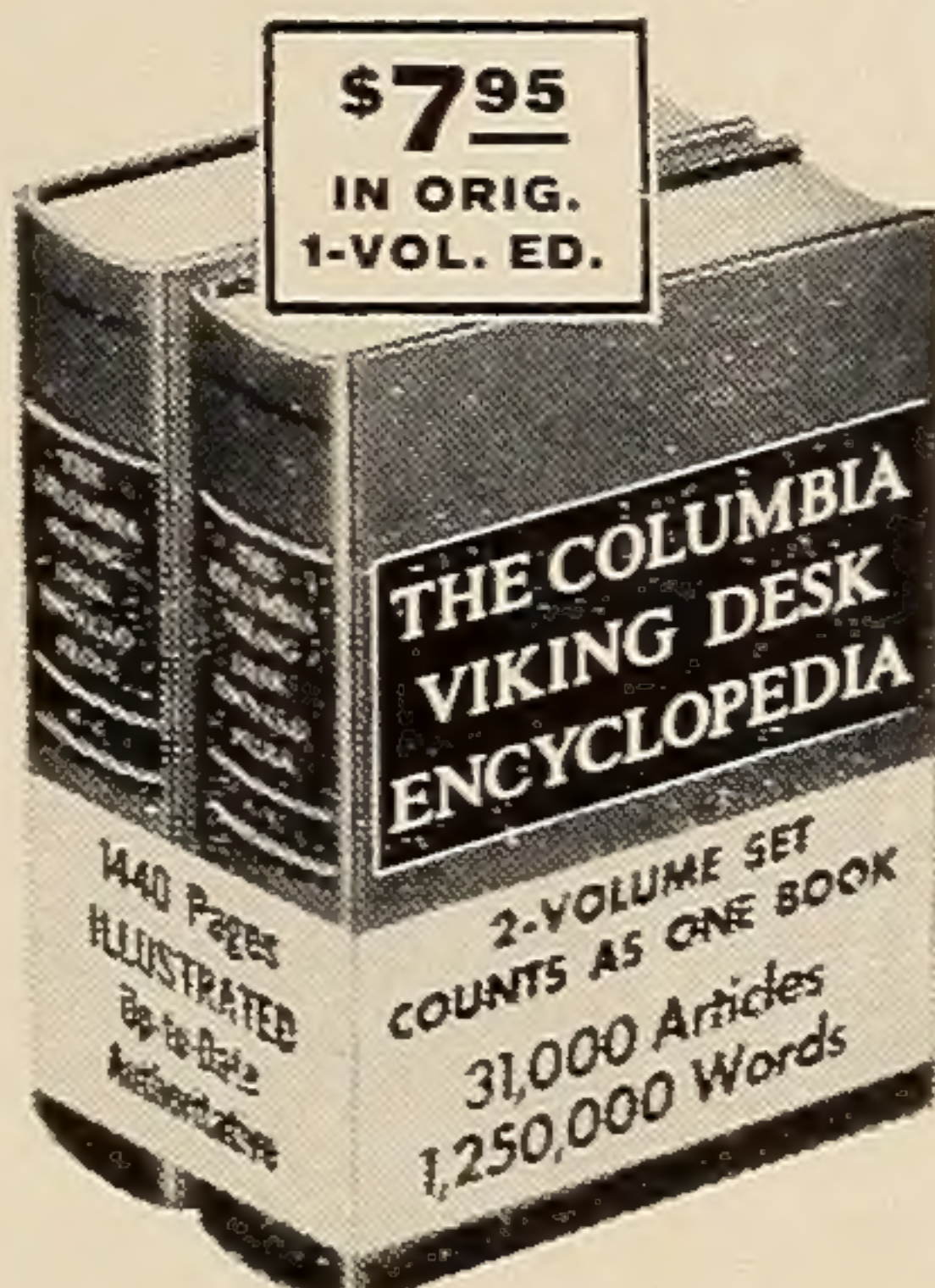
Long before the marriage, Joanne said, "All I want is to marry an actor who is better than I and to become beautifully pregnant four times! And to produce healthy children who will never need the services of a psychiatrist." Joanne has that actor-husband today ("Paul is intelligent, handsome and the finest young actor of them all"). The children will come along by and by. And, the way these two exciting stars are lighting up the firmament, they may even find it possible to snag four Oscars too! **END**

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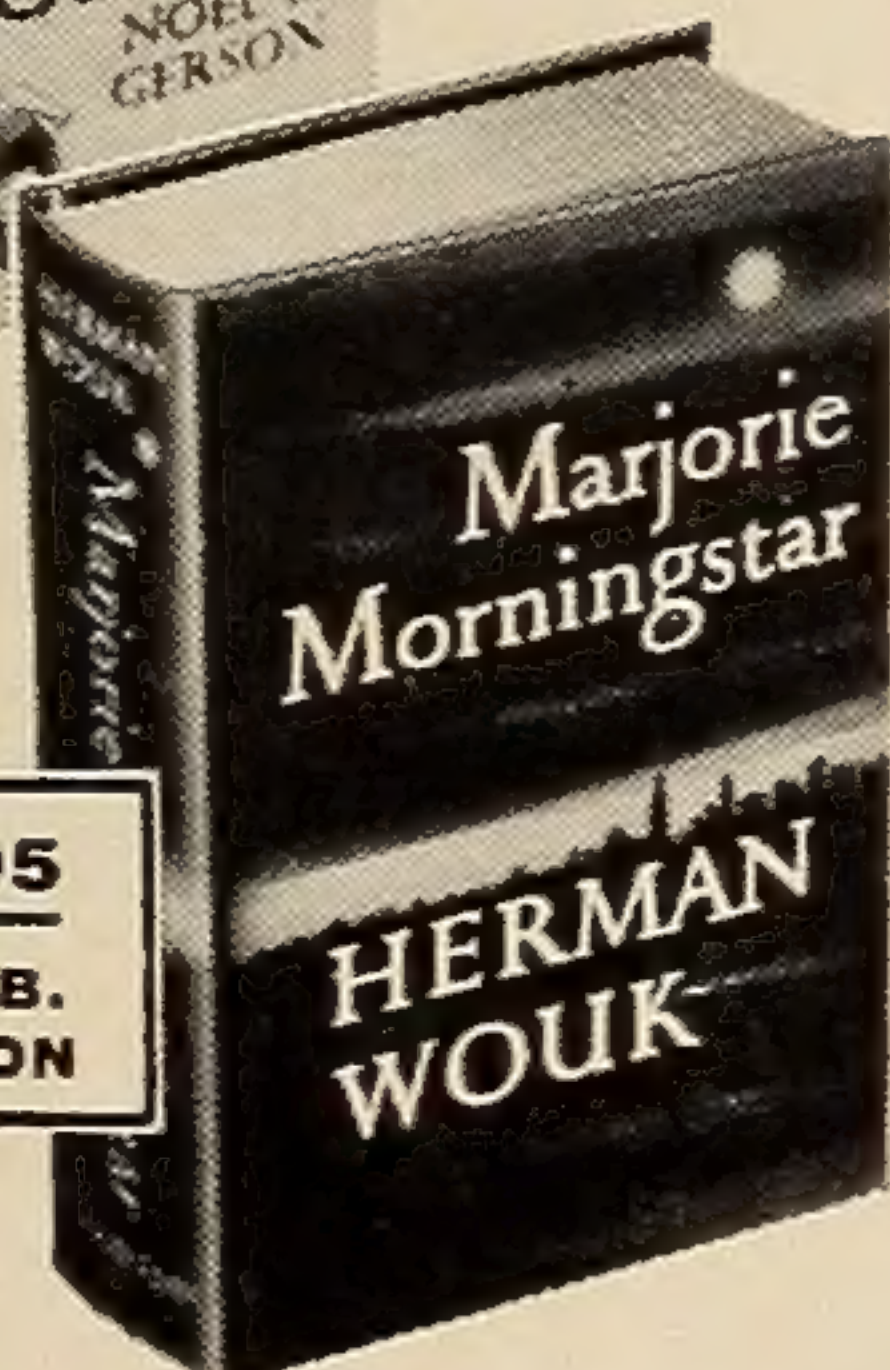
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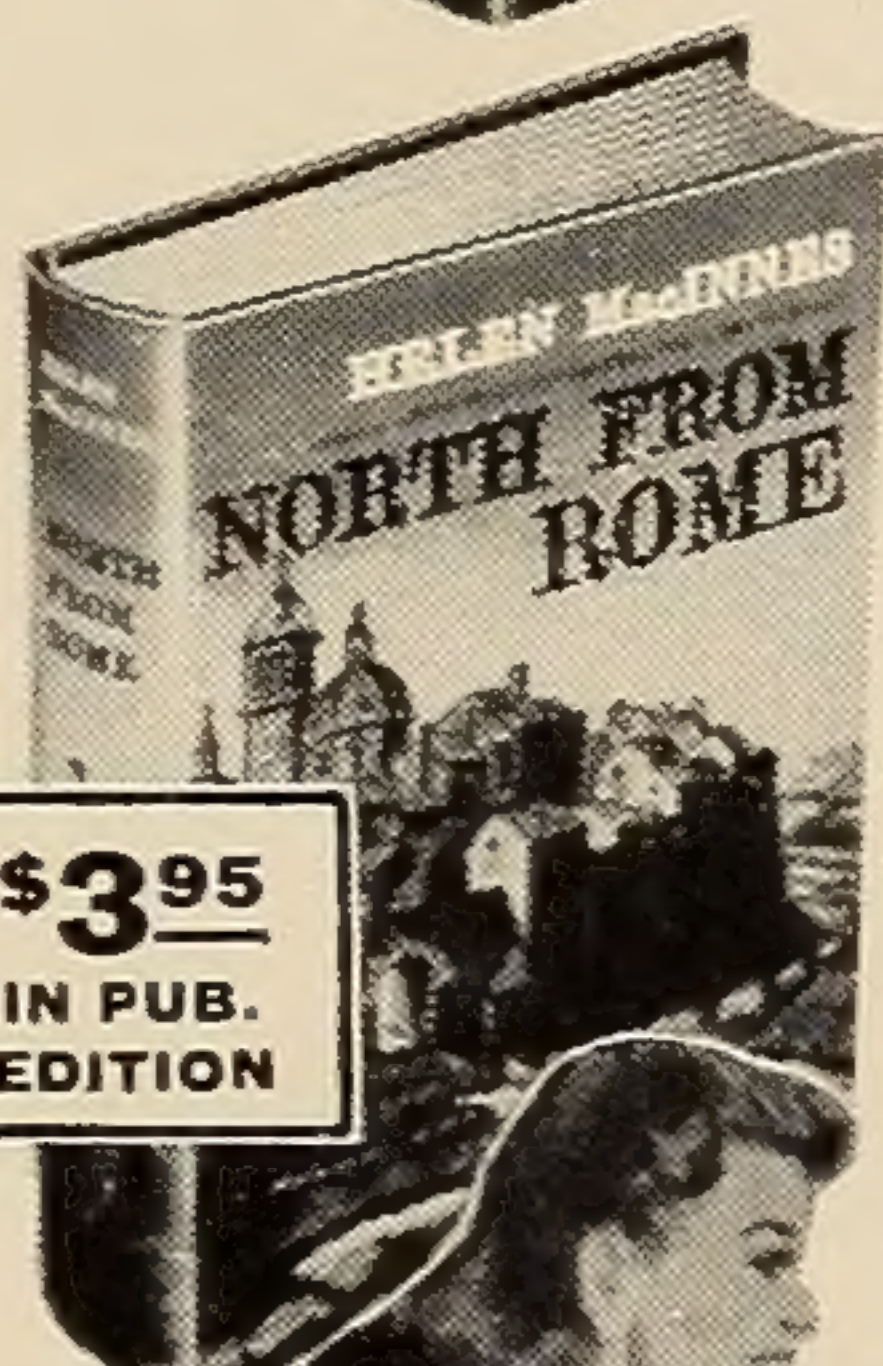


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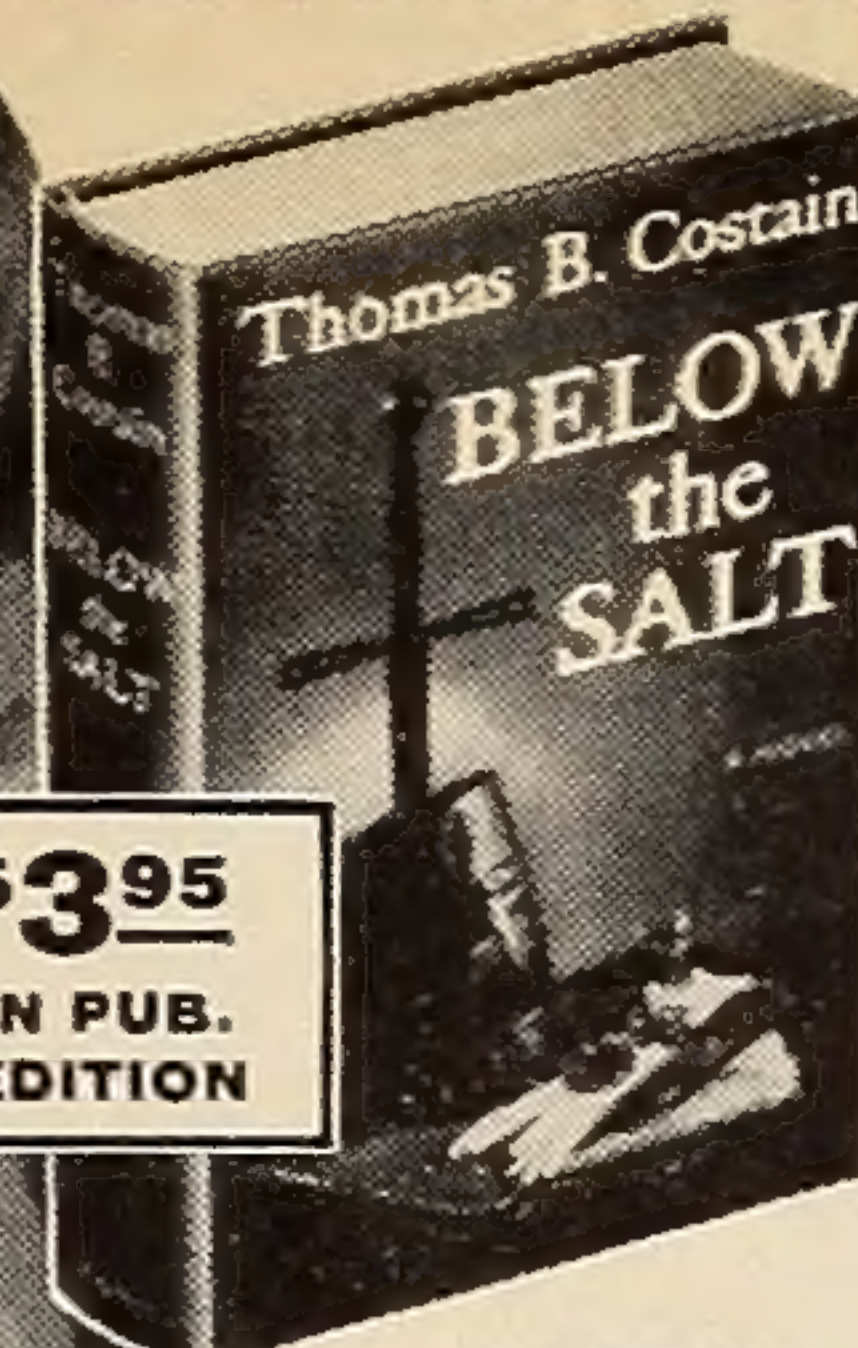


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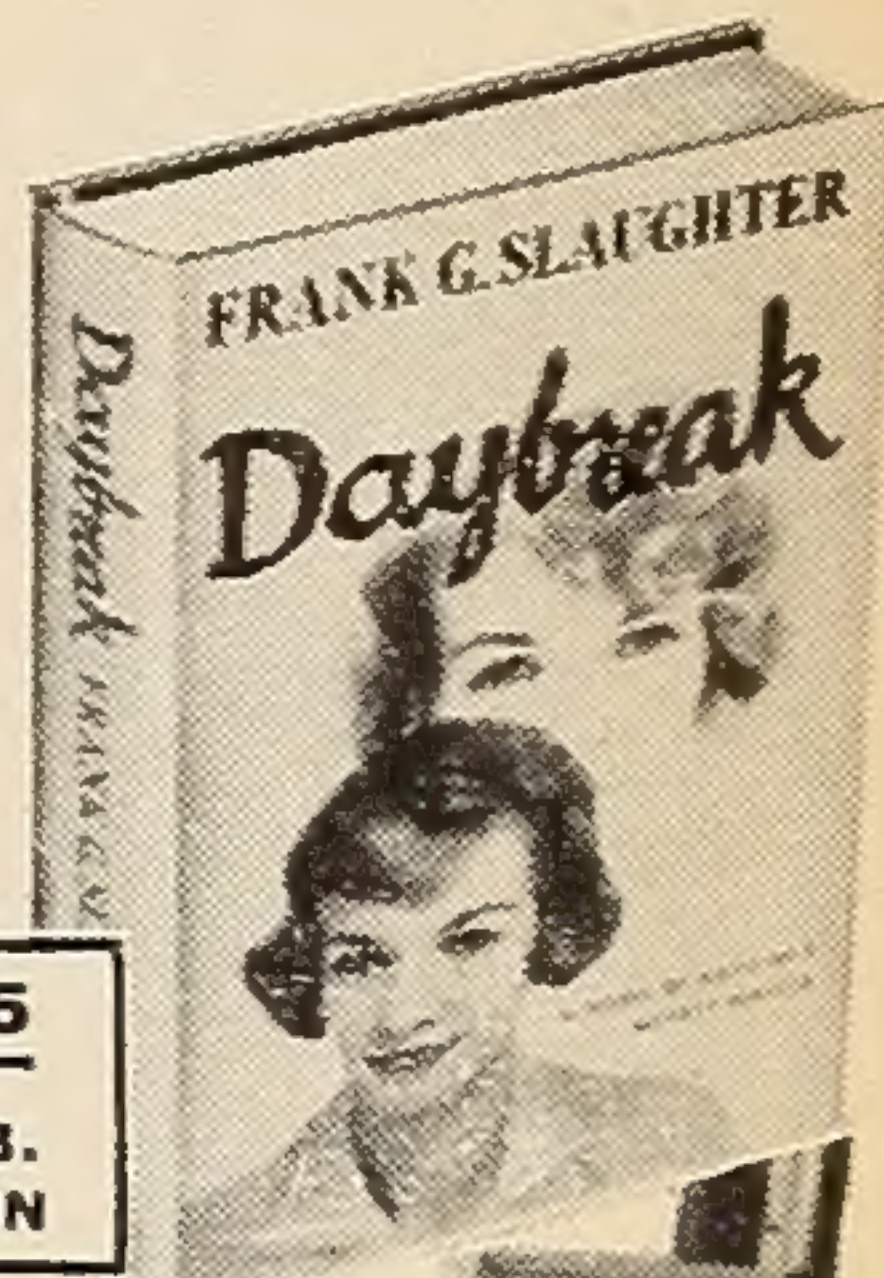


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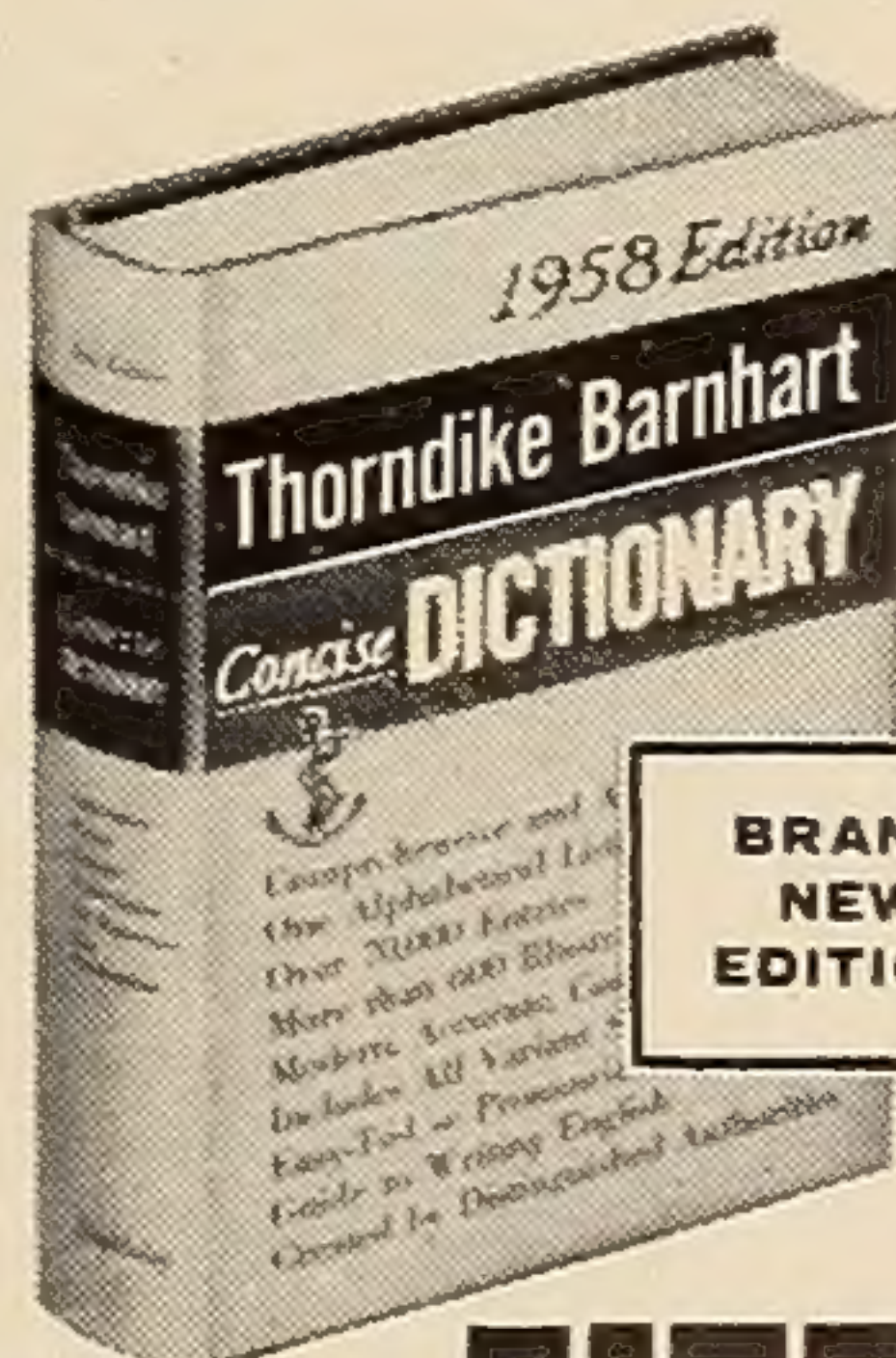
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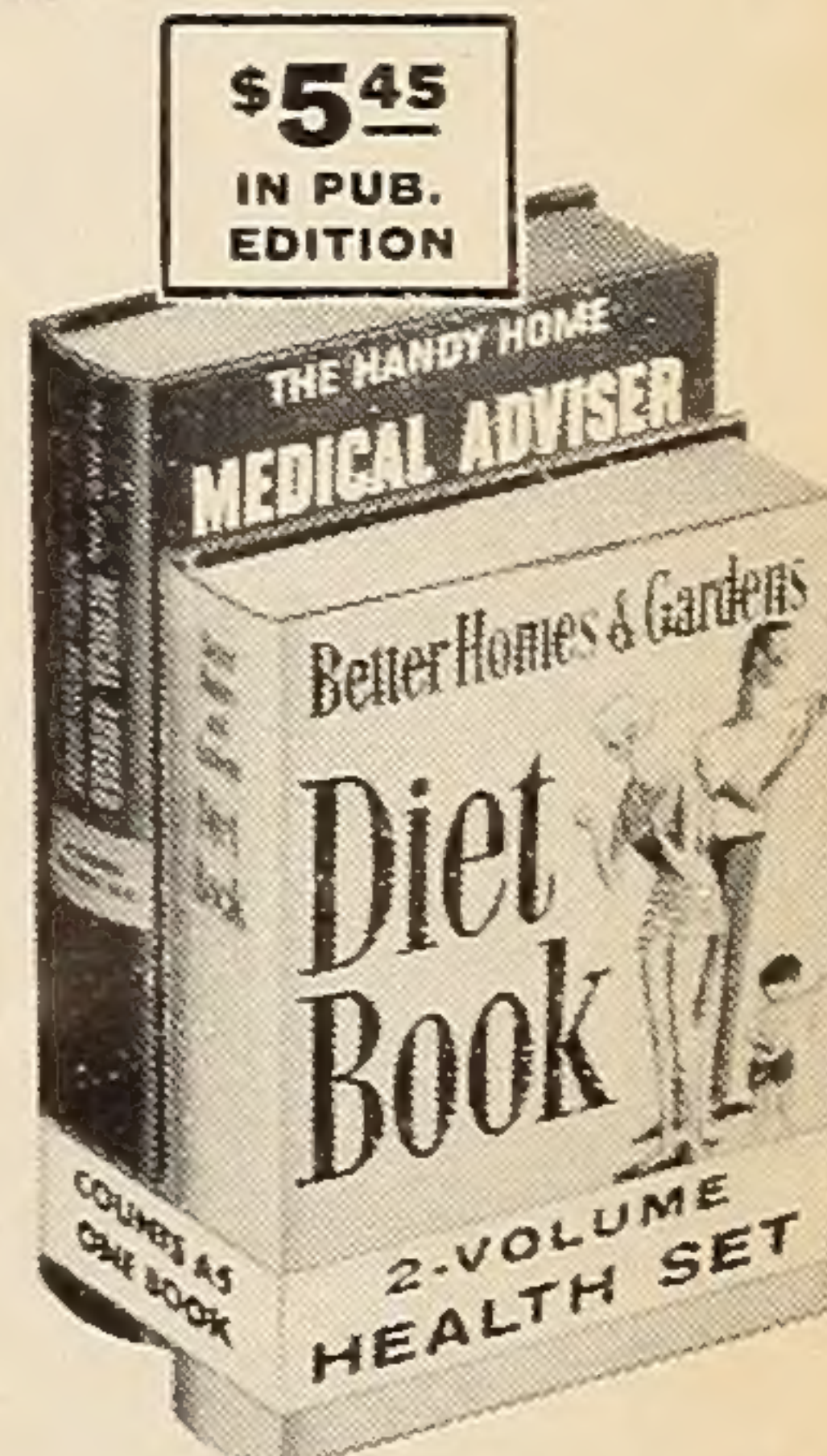


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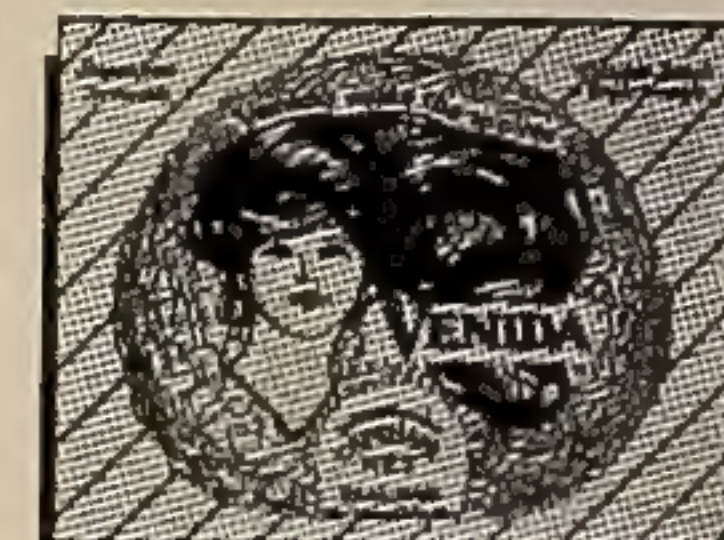
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